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WHOLESALE MANSLAUGHTER.

THE numerous railway accidents during the last few weeks, commencing with the terrible one at Harrow, on Nov. 26, have presented in turn every variety of casualty to which this mode of locomotion is liable; and, on account of the appalling character and frequent recurrence of such disasters, the subject deserves to be treated with more than the scant share of attention usually bestowed on topics unhappily only too familiar to newspaper readers at a time when the public appetite for news is accustomed to receive daily stimulants of the most exciting nature, wherof battle, murder, and sudden death form the ordinary ingredients.

Notwithstanding, however, the fascination inevitably exercised by the perusal of narratives fresh from the seat of war, and preying with the utmost vividness of which language is capable the frightful scenes witnessed day by day, we had almost said hour by hour, on the other side of the Channel, we deem it the imperative duty of journalists not to suffer public attention to be diverted by the contemplation of our neighbours' calamities from undertaking the investigation which is undoubtedly called for by the occurrence of such deplorable catastrophes at home. If the result of such inquiry should elicit the fact that mismanagement, habitual disregard of proscribed rules, or the defects inseparable from some particular system adopted advisedly, in opposition to another possessing greater merit, have contributed to bring about the fatal consequences above referred to, which have entailed immediate death upon more than a score of hapless victims, and mutilation or lifelong injury upon many others, not to mention the

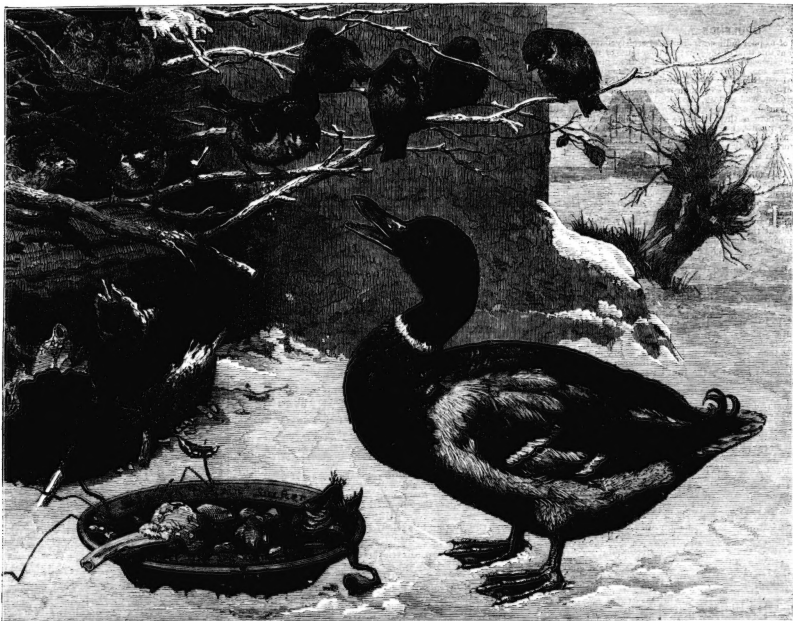
desolation and misery thereby brought to so many households, we may justly give vent to our indignation, and apply to those who are responsible for a state of things which can admit of such consequences the impassioned language of remonstrance—*Quoniam tandem absterge patientiâ nostrâ?*

By a curious coincidence, two of the worst accidents of the series were occasioned by the snapping of a link of a chain and the breaking of a wheel-tire respectively. But though, so far, there was a certain similarity in the circumstances of the two cases, arising from the peculiar properties of metal operating in accordance with laws more or less known to science, yet the latter (at Hatfield) differed from the former (at Harrow) inasmuch as it was ascribed to what is technically termed by lawyers "the act of God," the adoption of which form of expression has the effect of relieving the directors of the company from any criminal responsibility as regards the injured passengers. It was not stated at the inquest whether the carriage which broke down was provided with six or only, as seems probable, with four wheels. Should the latter prove to be the case, we are inclined to think that the directors are at any rate morally culpable for neglecting an obvious method of meeting such a contingency. On the other hand, the directors of the London and North-Western Railway have furnished us with a practical demonstration of the accuracy of the proverbial formula for measuring the strength of a chain by its weakest link, since it seems indisputable that the fate of the unfortunate passengers by the Liverpool express who met with their untimely end at the Harrow station on that foggy

evening in November must be ascribed primarily to the snapping of a single link in the coupling chain between two waggons of a goods-train. But, then, must not the system which allows the fate of a whole trainful of passengers to depend on the strength or weakness of a single link be radically defective; and, if so, can such a system be tolerated? These are questions in which everyone of us is, we may truly say, vitally interested, since travelling by railway has become practically, not a matter of choice, but of compulsion; and we do not hesitate to say that the system of railway management is at fault, and calls loudly for amendment.

But, though this question of safe conveyance is one of such extreme importance to each individual, there are probably few persons, least of all among the number of daily passengers by railway, whom the thought of imminent peril disturbs even for a moment from the habitual composure with which they commence their journey, altogether unconscious of the fate which may await them ere it be completed. This indifference is partly, no doubt, the creature of habit, and partly, we admit—paradoxical as such an admission may at first sight appear—is happily to be attributed to the relatively small proportion of passengers out of any given number who have had the misfortune to be present on the occasion of very serious casualties, and have consequently been involuntary eye-witnesses of the heartrending scenes which ensue.

It requires no slight effort of the imagination to enable us to realise, in a manner sufficiently vivid, the effect presented to the eye of a spectator by a state of circumstances



"OPULENCE AND INDIGENCE."—(SCULPTURE BY G. S. S.)



involving the "complete wreck" of a ponderous engine with its attendant train of heavily-laden carriages. Vague ideas of the nature of such a spectacle may now and again suggest themselves according to the fancy of the timid or speculative traveller, but the mind usually fails to form anything like an adequate conception of the enormous display of misdirected energy actually exhibited on the occasion of a really terrible "smash." The expression "Fatal Railway Collision" has indeed become disagreeably familiar to newspaper readers as an almost stereotyped item in their daily menu; but to those who have been spared the horror of witnessing such a ghastly sight, it conveys, at the best, but a faint impression of its truly awful significance. We can hardly wish this immunity from a sense of danger to be replaced by an ever-present phantom of impending calamity; but we feel persuaded that if the public could appreciate more vividly the nature of the risks to be encountered and the fearful fate in reserve in the event of such accidents as those at Hatfield and Harrow, not a moment would be lost and no pains would be spared in initiating the reforms necessary to reduce the danger incidental to this mode of locomotion, under the system now in vogue, to a minimum.

It may be said that railway travelling must necessarily be attended with considerable danger, for the public desires to travel at high rates of speed; and this demand cannot be satisfied without incurring certain risk. The answer to this is, that though it may be true that a high rate of speed is incompatible with absolute safety, we are justly entitled to complain if this danger incidental to rapid locomotion, which is, so to speak, uniform and appreciable, be aggravated in an extraordinary degree by a system which can only ensure safety under conditions which depend for their fulfilment upon the approximation to a degree of mathematical constancy which in practice is hardly ever attainable. We have already pointed out, in previous articles on the same subject, the direction which any effective reform in railway economy should take—namely, the complete isolation of goods from passenger traffic. We shall never rest satisfied until this radical and most important change is effected; for not until then can those elements of danger be eliminated from the system which are most constant in their operation because most liable to derangement.

Other and scarcely less important matters might be mentioned, did space permit, which afford plenty of scope for reform; but we must content ourselves with suggesting that Legislative interference is needed to protect over-worked signalmen not less than over-tasked needlewomen, and that the Board of Trade might be as usefully employed in examining pointsmen and station-masters in their important duties as in ascertaining the capabilities of the masters and mates of merchant-ships. We commend these points to the careful consideration of our legislators, with the earnest hope that the year 1871 may witness the inauguration of a system more consonant with prudent and intelligent management.

OPULENCE AND INDIGENCE.

SOME of us poor indigent sparrows of society have a good deal to suffer at this time of the year; and our sense of necessity is by no means relieved by the contemplation of those opulent ducks—and drakes, too, for that matter—who, in flaunting their well-feathered condition, do so with a serene, self-satisfied appreciation of our distress, as though it somehow made them warmer to observe how cold we look, and added a fresh zest to their rather too ample meals, and an extra softness to their furs and silk wraps, to note a threadbareness and a fluffiness in our more homely garments, even though we may put on as decent an appearance as possible during the holiday season. There was once a sort of goody poems, intended for opulent children, which recounted as a moral lesson the reflections that occurred to a wealthy duck who took her duckling for a walk in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square and other fashionable places, and drew pious but comfortable morals from the contemplation of the poor, especially of those who "begged from door to door;" and there are grown up opulents—fat, sleek, shiny, full-feathered creatures, who carry out the same method with a vengeance. What are we to do while the hard weather of our lives lasts? We, some of us, twitter about the big waddling boaster of fortune, waiting for such remnants as may come to us from the full platter, listening as complacently as may be to the quacking of "me," "my," and "I;" and bearing the open pity or half-concealed contempt that makes us ready to fall on the pretender in a body, and peck that fat unwieldy carcass into discomfort. Some of us, bold, ragged fellows, fly off and join the London sparrows, the Bohemians of the house-tops, and pick up a living in ungentle ways about the streets; others sit and philosophise, and wait for the bright spring weather, when worms are to be had for the seeking, and opulence itself cannot monopolise all the plenty. When the sun brightens us, and we can change our coats for something newer, we may forget for a time that there is so much to harass and degrade in the superficial distinctions that we are all mean enough to make of such great account; but while the frost lasts—well, opulence is a very convenient neighbour.

THE CONDITION OF THE REVENUE.—Cheap corn is producing its usual effect. The consumption of the country in the main duty-paying articles is increasing rapidly, and with it the public revenue. Unless our prosperity is suddenly checked, the excess next April of the actual revenue over the Budget estimate will be very large. We shall see this, probably, more plainly at the end of the year, when the regular quarter's accounts come out; but the most valuable weekly account, which Mr. Lowe was the first to publish, shows our good fortune plainly. There was no change in the Excise in the last Budget, so it is safe to compare this year with last, and we find the Excise, between April 1 and Dec. 17, 1870, was £14,914,000; corresponding period of last year, £14,281,000; increase, £633,000, or at the rate of nearly £1,000,000 per annum. The Customs have been much altered by the diminution of the sugar duties, and cannot be usefully compared with last year; but they come in so regularly that it is tolerably safe to compare the actual yield with the proportionate period of the Budget estimate. We have, therefore:—Actual yield of Customs to date, £14,603,000; proportion of estimate to date, £14,024,000; increase, £579,000, or at the rate of £800,000 per annum. Taking, therefore, these two items together, it is plain that we have now the best test of the material prosperity of the country—a rapidly augmenting revenue, arising from the extended use of articles of general consumption, and also that Mr. Lowe will have much money to use in some new way next April, though how much of it may be required for increased expenditure on the Army and on education we do not as yet know. It is an additional proof of our prosperity that the surplus for the year ending Sept. 30 last was £4,077,000, one fourth of which (£1,019,000) will be applicable in the quarter ending March 31, 1871, to the reduction of the National Debt.—*Economist.*

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The French Government at Bordeaux has published an appeal requesting all who are able to pay their taxes a year in advance, and others to pay to the extent of their means.

The Municipality of Tours deny that the city asked for a German garrison, as stated in the official telegrams from Versailles.

From Paris we learn that the population is grieved by the evacuation of Mont Avron, but in nowise moved by the bombardment. It evinces an energetic resolution to resist to the last, and to take the offensive vigorously in order to break the enemy's lines. The cold continues severe. Perfect tranquillity prevails in Paris. The Prussian batteries have in two days thrown about 12,000 projectiles. The French losses are fifteen killed and 200 wounded.

The committee of inquiry into the capitulations of Strasbourg and Metz is formed. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers is the president; and MM. Foltz, Grosben, de Martimprey, and Pourcet, generals of division, are members.

SPAIN.

King Amedeo arrived in Madrid at 1.45 p.m. on Monday, and immediately proceeded to the Church of Atocha, where the remains of Marshal Prim had been deposited. He then went to the Cortes, where the Regent delivered a speech, in the course of which he said that the task of the revolution was at an end, having succeeded in establishing a monarchy based upon democratic institutions. The King took the oath to the Constitution in a very firm voice. Senor Zorilla then made a speech; and, on leaving the Cortes, his Majesty proceeded to the Ministry of War, to pay a visit of condolence to the Duchess de Reuss, and afterwards rode to the palace, being on the road enthusiastically cheered by the vast crowd which thronged the streets. Complete tranquillity prevailed. The King has consulted Senores Canovas, Rios Rosas, Zorilla, Cruz, Rivero, and Olazaga respecting the constitution of the Ministry. The new Ministry will be probably constituted as follows:—Marshal Serrano, President of the Ministry and Minister of War; Senor Martos, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Senor Montero Rios, Minister of Justice; Senor Beranger, Minister of Marine; Senor Sagasta, Minister of the Interior; Senor Uloa, Minister of Public Works; Senor Ayala, Minister of the Colonies.

ITALY.

The King of Italy has paid a sort of incognito visit to Rome, reaching Rome his Majesty sent a letter for the Pope, announcing his arrival. Colonel Spinola, the bearer of a letter to this effect, was very cordially received by Cardinal Antonelli. The Portuguese Minister at the Court of Rome paid a state visit to the King.

Prince Doria Pamphili has accepted the mayoralty of Rome. There have been heavy inundations, causing the loss of several lives and much damage to property.

HOLLAND.

At the Hague there has been a reconstruction of the Cabinet, which is now composed as follows:—M. Thorbecke, Minister of the Interior; M. Guericke, Foreign Affairs; M. Jolles, Justice; M. Vanbosse, Colonies; M. Blusse, Finance; M. Boons, War; M. Brock, Marine.

GERMANY.

The final ratifications of the treaties concluded between the North German Confederation and Baden and Hesse for the establishment of a German Bund and the ratification of the treaty with Wurtemberg for the entry of that State into this Confederation, as well as of the military conventions with Wurtemberg and Baden, were exchanged on the 30th ult.

In a new note to Count Bernstorff, Count Bismarck declares that if Luxemburg behaves as badly during the siege of Longwy as it did during the siege of Thionville, a portion of the Grand Duchy will be occupied by German troops.

Judgment has been passed upon the German bankers who subscribed to the French loan. The accused are sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, ranging from two years to three months.

AUSTRIA.

Count Beust, in his reply, dated the 26th ult., to Count Bismarck's note of the 14th of the same month, acknowledges the ready recognition and friendly spirit with which Count Bismarck has alluded to the Treaty of Prague. Count Beust, however, deems it advisable not to enter into further particulars regarding the treaty, and considers that it is the interest of both parties to avoid discussion in this direction. The Austrian Chancellor is of opinion that it is not desirable at the present moment to make formal interpretations and material legal claims the subject of discussion. The views of Count Beust, on the contrary, incline towards regarding the union of Germany under the leadership of Prussia as an act of historical significance and as a fact of paramount importance. He holds that the future mutual relations of Austria and Germany should shape themselves accordingly. Taking this standpoint, Count Beust is already able to declare, in expectation of the further communications notified by the Prussian Government, that among all the influential classes of Austria and Hungary a most sincere wish prevails to cultivate friendly relations with the new German State-Federation. Count Beust continues thus:—"At this moment especially, therefore, it is not without justifiable confidence that, in view of the realisation of such promising prospects, we look upon the opening up of this fruitful field, in which their existing identity of will and action may become for both States a pledge of enduring unity, and for Europe a guarantee of lasting peace. Similar sentiments animate his Majesty the Emperor, by whom the exalting recollections which link his dynasty during a glorious history of centuries with the history of the German people will not be remembered otherwise than with the warmest sympathies for that people's further national development, and with an earnest hope that in its new constitutional form it may find real guarantees for a happy future—a future full of blessings not only for its own welfare, but for that of the Imperial State related to it by so many ties."

Austria has determined henceforth to arrest and detain during the continuance of the war all French prisoners who have escaped from German fortresses.

ROUMANIA.

A new Ministry has been formed at Bucharest, and is composed as follows:—Prince John Ghika, President and Home Minister; M. Calimachi Katargin, Foreign Affairs; M. Berevey, Public Works; M. Demetrius Sturza, Finance; M. Kariagdi, Justice; and M. Arizon, War.

The Roumanian memorandum to the Powers chiefly complains that a strictly constitutional form of government should have been forced upon the country by the Paris Conference of 1856 at a period when the low social and intellectual condition of the inhabitants renders it impossible to maintain order and quiet simultaneously with the existence of democratic institutions. The Porte protests against the Roumanian Government appealing to the Powers instead of to the Sultan.

RUSSIA.

Fresh measures are being daily taken with a view to increase the efficiency of the Russian forces. The Council of State is discussing the increase of officers' salaries and pensions. Non-commissioned officers have been permitted to ride in carriages and to visit the theatres.

TURKEY.

The *Levant Herald* says that the Porte proposes a conference to abolish the Convention of 1841 closing the Dardanelles and Bosphorus. The Roumanian incident is settled. Prince Charles has officially notified to the Porte that he will respect the Constitution.

GREECE.

The British Minister at Athens has addressed a note to the Greek Government expressing regret that the inquiry into the late massacres should have resulted solely in the commitment of an Englishman, Mr. Noel, of all the accused persons of note. The British Minister alleges that the English lawyers were not cognisant of two letters addressed to the brigands and quoted in the indictment, and this circumstance throws a doubt on the sincerity of the inquiry. One of these letters comprises a corporal who wrote it. The Minister for Foreign Affairs has replied that, as regards Mr. Noel, justice must take its course; and with respect to the corporal, incloses a report from the Public Prosecutor, who maintains that he did communicate the letters in question to the English barristers. He adds that the letters being sealed did not constitute a crime, and that there is nothing to prevent proceedings being taken against him in accordance with the wishes of the British Minister. The Minister for Foreign Affairs adopts the views of the Public Prosecutor.

CUBA.

General Valmaside assumed command of Cuba as Captain-General at noon on Dec. 13, at Havannah, there being appropriate ceremonies. The privateer Hornet, which recently sailed from New York in the insurgent interest, is said to have succeeded in getting off without any violation of the neutrality laws. She carried no warlike stores or armament, having only coal on board. Her crew consisted of sixty men, and she cleared for Nassau and Aspinwall. Her armament has already been sent to one of those ports, where she will take it on board.

SPEECH OF GAMBETTA.

MORE than 50,000 persons—other accounts say 100,000 took part on Sunday in a demonstration which was made in front of the Prefecture at Bordeaux. Two addresses were presented to the members of the National Government; and, in reply, M. Gambetta made a speech from the balcony of the Prefecture, in the course of which he said:—

In the face of this magnificent spectacle—in face of all the citizens assembled here to welcome the dawn of our success, which is due to the perseverance and tenacity of our efforts—I say that our success is well-merited for two reasons: firstly, because France has had faith in herself; secondly, because, alone in the universe, France to-day represents justice and right. Yes, let it be for ever closed, if possible; let it be for ever effaced from our memory, this horrible year of 1870, which, while it has witnessed the fall of the most deceitful and most corrupt of Governments, has also handed us over to the insolent fortunes of the foreigner. We must not forget, citizens, that this reverse of fortune, against which we are battling to-day, is the very work of Bonapartist intrigues abroad. Let each one bear his share of responsibility to history. It was in this very town that the Man of December—the Man of Sedan—the man who tried to gangrene France, uttered the memorable imposture, "The Empire is peace." His reign, we must confess, had to be endured for our own expiation, for we are to blame for having so long submitted to it. Nothing just or unjust happens in history but what bears its fruits. It is because we have submitted to this reign of twenty years that we must submit to-day to foreign invasion up to the walls of our glorious capital. And it is because all the sources of power and of grandeur were systematically drained in this country; it is because we had lost that retreating power, without which nothing can either endure or triumph in this world—namely, the idea of duty and of virtue—that it was thought for a moment France was about to disappear. It was at this moment that the Republic, springing into life for the third time in our history, assumed the duty, the honour, and the peril of saving France. It was on Sept. 4; the enemy was advancing by forced marches on Paris; our arsenals were empty; half our army captured; our resources scattered and frittered away on all sides; a double Government—one captive, the other flying; a Chamber whose past servility made it incapable of seizing the helm. Oh! on that day no one gainsaid the legitimacy of the Republic. It was later on, when the Republic had been brought to a state of sacred inviolability, when it became patent that the Republic had redeemed its promise of Sept. 4 to save the honour of the country, to organise the defence, to maintain order; when it was proved that, thanks to the Republic, France would not perish, that she must triumph, that through her right would overcome true force—it was then that the adversaries of the Republic, to whom it now ensures quietude and security, began to contest its legitimacy and question its origin. The Republic, devoted and linked to the defence and the welfare of the country, is irrevocably established. It is immortal. Do not, however, confound the Republic with the members of its Government who, by the force of events, have been temporarily lifted into power. When they shall have fulfilled their task, which is to expel the foreigner, they will relinquish their power, and submit themselves to the judgment of their fellow-citizens. This task—this mission—which has to be wrought out to the end, must be accomplished at any price, to the entire exclusion of self-interest. What we must attain to under heavy penalties is, first, the safety and the respect of the liberty of all—perfect liberty—liberty even so far as to submit to disengagement, to calumny, and to abuse. Secondly, respect on the part of all, friends and discontents, for right and the authority of Government. Speech must be as free as thought, and respected in all its digressions up to that fatal limit where it would become a resolve and lead to acts. If this boundary is overstepped—and I here give expression to the opinion of all the members of the Government—you may rely on energetic repression. I will not close without telling you that the Government, having union for its base, expresses, serves, and presumes to serve only public opinion, in opposition to those despotic Governments which have preceded us, and have only been guided by their dynastic love of power. I thank the patriotic population of Bordeaux, as well as the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and country parts who are gathered here to-day, for the striking support which they afford to the Republican Government by this imposing manifestation on the first day of 1871. I thank them especially in the name of our dear besieged brethren, in the name of our heroic Paris, whose example sustains us, and guides and incites us to emulation. Ah! would they could be witnesses, those dear besieged ones, of all the sympathy and self-devotion, roused within us by their valour; their faith in success would be increased, if, indeed, any increase thereof be possible. We will transmit your good wishes, citizens; soon we are cutting our way through the enemy's lines, convey them vividly, together with the expression of the world's admiration, and of the profound and imperishable gratitude of France. Long live France! Long live the Republic!

At the close of M. Gambetta's address indescribable emotion was manifested by the immense crowd that had assembled, and prolonged shouts were heard of "Vive la France!" "Vive Paris!" "Vive Gambetta!" "Vive la République!"

REPRESENTATION OF WEST NORFOLK.—It seems a matter of some doubt whether the local Liberals will contest the vacancy occasioned in the representation of West Norfolk by the elevation to the Peerage of the Hon. T. De Grey, in consequence of the death of his father, Lord Walsingham. The Hon. T. De Grey was first returned for West Norfolk in July, 1865, when the numbers polled were:—Bagge (C.), 2710; De Grey (C.), 2611; Jones (L.), 2133; Gordon (L.), 2088. At the dissolution of November, 1867, Mr. De Grey was returned unopposed with Sir W. Bagge.

ADMIRALTY INVESTIGATIONS.—A considerable amount of surprise has, we are informed, been occasioned at Chatham and the other naval stations in consequence of instructions, received by telegraph from the Admiralty, directing that the whole of the stewards of the several vessels of war in harbour, as well as those belonging to the Royal Naval Barracks, were to be placed under arrest, and their books and other official documents taken possession of. This extreme measure has, we hear, given rise to a considerable amount of conjecture, as since the persons concerned have been in custody a number of officials from the Admiralty have been sent down for the purpose of making private investigations of the books and other official documents in the care of the persons under arrest.

ENGLAND THREATENED WITH INVASION.—At Orleans, as at Versailles, a rather favourite topic of conversation is the invasion of England, with its probabilities of success and means of accomplishment. Let not Englishmen imagine that the minds of Prussian strategists are altogether taken up with the French or with warfare upon land. What will people think at home of no less gigantic an idea than a bridge of boats from Calais to Dover, or thereabouts; not, of course, as the means of a first landing, but to pass over the reinforcements to a small army landed first, and protected by field works? The Channel would thus be treated as a huge river, and it is considered that an army, once across, could live untrammelled by requisitions. Ammunition would be needed, it is true; but there is no fortified place to stop the direct march upon London—exactly four days. How would the farms and villages of Kent look if full of huge, rough-speaking warriors in spiked helmets? What about filling every room with soldiers or wounded, turning villas into barracks and churches into stables? How the Deutchers would swallow English beef and beer, giving acknowledgments for the good things, to be repaid by the English Government after the war! How many field guns could be brought against them? Prince Frederick Charles had more than 400 during the battle of Orleans. How many breech-loader rifles are there to put in the hands of militia and volunteers? All these questions are being put and answered by officers in the German army; for man has much of the tiger in him, and grows savage at the taste of blood.—*Correspondent of the "Times."*

THE WAR.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

MONT AVRON, after a short bombardment, has been occupied by the Germans. The fort was, it seems, abandoned by the French on Thursday, the 29th ult. The guns were carried off, but ammunition and muskets were left behind, together with the dead.

It is announced from Versailles that the east front of Paris was so effectually bombarded on Tuesday that only Fort Nogent replied, and that feebly, to the German fire.

News from the interior of Paris to the evening of Friday last states that the Mayors of the various arrondissements held a meeting, which lasted eight hours, on the previous day. Certain members of the Government were severely attacked, but moderate views are said to have prevailed. A desire was expressed that the military operations should be carried on with all possible energy and activity. A correspondent in Paris says that, owing to the intense severity of the weather, no fewer than fifty sentinels have been frozen to death at the outposts, and that there are more than 1200 cases of severe frost-bite in the military hospitals, many of which cases are likely to prove fatal. The sufferings of the people are also very great. Typhoid fever is on the increase, especially among the families from the suburbs, who are huddled together in close rooms amid a stifling atmosphere that breeds pestilence. There had been 172 deaths from bronchitis in the previous week, and 147 from pneumonia. Fuel was running short. There was no coal, and the supply of firewood was so small that it had been resolved to cut down all the trees in and about the city. But little other food was left than bread and horse-flesh. With all this there was not a murmur to be heard. "The people submit," a correspondent adds, "to their hard fate, to cold and hunger, and long, dark nights, void of amusement, with a cheerfulness which is sublime. They make no complaints about their miseries, and accept them with an unpretending fortitude which no people in the world could surpass."

A New-Year's reception was held by the King of Prussia at Versailles on the 1st inst. In the speech delivered on the occasion his Majesty, after referring to the great events that had been accomplished, said that important tasks had yet to be performed before a lasting and honourable peace could be arrived at. After the reception there was a grand banquet. The King, in welcoming the new year, said he looked back on the past year with gratitude, and upon that then commencing with hope. He thanked the German Princes for the aid they had rendered him in carrying on the war. In reply, the Grand Duke of Baden said the Princes regarded his Majesty as the supreme head of the German empire.

FRENCH VICTORY IN THE NORTH.

Despatches from Lille announce that General Faidherbe fought a battle on Tuesday at Bapaume, which lasted from eight a.m. to six p.m. and resulted in a French victory. We learned on Wednesday that on the 2nd a single French brigade had driven the Prussians from several villages within a few miles of Bapaume, and taken them, so to speak, under Manteuffel's very beard. We now learn that Faidherbe has gained a great and decided victory, as is proved, indeed, by the fact that he dates his despatch on the 4th from Avesnes les Bopamine, which is about a mile to the north-west of Bapaume. The General asserts that the losses of the Prussians were enormous, and those of the French serious. Bapaume and Behagnies, a few miles north of Bapaume, were entirely burnt. The fighting lasted from eight a.m. till six p.m., and the French drove the Prussians from all their positions and all the villages. We do not learn whether the French resumed operations on the 4th; the fact of their having done so would be the most convincing proof of the completeness of the victory.

At present we are ignorant of the French force, but conclude that, as on Dec. 23, it consisted of four divisions, amounting, all told, to 40,000 men. The Prussians had on the 23rd 24,000 men, according to the statement of a correspondent who has made the campaign with the 1st Corps, and who asserts that the French had 70,000 men. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay estimates, from trustworthy information, the Germans at 25,000 and the French at 35,000. He asserts positively that the Prussians had 2000 killed and wounded, and the French about the same. The King, on the contrary, deliberately asserts that the Prussian loss was 706. Since the battle of Dec. 23 a cavalry division of the Guard, under Prince Albrecht, has arrived from Paris; and Manteuffel has also been reinforced by an infantry division, under General von Senden, from St. Quentin. It is probable, also, that he has received further additions beyond those mentioned. We do not know how many troops have been detached for the siege of Péronne; but if we estimate the strength of the Germans on the 3rd at 30,000 men, and that of the French at 40,000, perhaps the calculation will not be very far out.

A telegram from Versailles, dated Thursday, ten a.m., says:—"General Goeben has dispersed Faidherbe's army. The 8th Cuirassiers charged and broke up two regiments." But "breaking up two regiments" can scarcely be held equivalent to "dispersing" an army.

FIGHTING IN NORMANDY.

General Pattingens arrived at Havre on the 29th ult., from Bordeaux, to assume the command of the troops. He was enthusiastically received by the whole population, and in the speech he delivered he promised to conquer or die. The General lost no time in commencing operations, for we have various accounts of a fight, last Saturday, in which the French claim to have had the advantage. General Manteuffel's story, however, is that five battalions of the 1st Division encountered near Rouen, on the left bank of the Seine, superior hostile forces, which had advanced from the district of Briare to Mouligneux and Grande Couronne. These forces (the General says) were partly dispersed and partly driven into the strong fortress of Robert le Diable, which was stormed by the German troops. The French lost numerous guns and about a hundred prisoners, including, apparently, the commanders of the Francs-Tireurs.

GENERAL CHANZY'S MOVEMENTS.

General Chanzy reports a French success on the Loir, last Saturday, by which an excellent position in front of Vendôme was captured, as well as 200 prisoners. According to the German account of the same engagement, the French, though in superior numbers, were repulsed, and four guns taken from them. Chanzy's army is said to have been largely reinforced, and he is reported to have made a forward movement. In the mean time his flying columns appear to be causing the Prussians considerable annoyance. In one encounter, we are told, the Prussians were pursued from Bazoches Gouet to Courtalin, leaving fifty-five dead on the field. Both these places are on the road from Châteaudun to Montmirail. On Jan. 1, while the Prussian outposts at Longpré and St. Amand were being repulsed, a body of Algerian cavalry fought a brilliant skirmish on the St. Amand and La Chartre road in front of Laverdin. A Prussian picket was surprised at Lané—probably Danzé—on the Fretel and St. Calais road—and lost fifteen prisoners, a convoy, and fifteen men hors de combat. At Hesseau the French sharpshooters inflicted severe loss on the enemy, suffering none themselves. For Hesseau we should probably read Huisseau, which is situated between St. Amand and Vendôme. At Chauceaux a sharp affair seems to have taken place. A body of Francs-Tireurs were attacked, but repulsed their assailants, pursuing them for about six miles, and killing eighty or one hundred men and seven horses. The French loss was three killed, six wounded, and two prisoners.

From the Loire it is reported that the enemy occupies a long line from Blois through Vendôme and La Loupe to Vernueil. The reserve is formed by troops occupying Orleans, Châteaudun, Chartres, and Dreux. The total strength of the German troops under the Duke of Mecklenburg, without those under General von der Tann, is estimated at 77,000.

MISCELLANEOUS WAR NEWS.

A report from General Cremer states that Nuits, in Burgundy, was only occupied by the enemy for a few hours in the night; that the German losses were "four times" that of the French; and that the enemy, rapidly retreating and leaving much matériel behind, was so demoralised that most of its prisoners escaped, and they were continually rejoining their corps.

On Monday a column of Germans, numbering from 700 to 800 men, and advancing from Semur in the direction of Montlay, was attacked on the outskirts of the wood of Saulieu and defeated by a corps of Garibaldians, supported by a company of engineers and of the Oriental Legion and the National Guards of Saulieu. The enemy lost thirty killed.

The Germans have evacuated Gray, after a severe engagement with the Francs-Tireurs of Bourras.

Mézières was occupied by the Germans on Monday. Two thousand prisoners, including ninety-eight officers, were captured, together with 106 guns and large stores of provisions.

At Strasbourg, Nancy, and Châlons signs of the active reinforcement of the German armies are plentiful. The landwehr is "pouring into the conquered country like a winter torrent." Every station is full of German uniforms; every train is crowded with invaders.

THE SINKING OF BRITISH SHIPS BY THE PRUSSIANS.

THIRTY-NINE of the crews of the seven British ships sunk in the Seine by the Prussians have arrived in London. Mr. William Mingay, mate of the Sylph, and the mate of the Alice, both of Sunderland, have made statements detailing the circumstances attending the seizure of their vessels. From their statements it would appear that a French gun-boat going up the Seine sighted a Prussian detachment advancing along the banks, and fired into them, killing 150. This caused a certain commotion among the Prussians, and it was, no doubt, with a view to put a stop to the movements of the gun-boat in the river that the Prussians resolved to sacrifice the British ships. The manner in which the Prussians took possession of the Sylph is described by Mr. Mingay as follows:—

The Sylph was in the river, at Rouen, on Saturday, Dec. 24, when a detachment of about thirty or forty Prussian soldiers, headed by an officer, boarded her from a steam-tug. The Sylph had discharged her cargo of coals and was taking in ballast. The men had, unfortunately for themselves, as it ultimately turned out, been paid. The Prussian officer addressed Captain Ramsdale, the owner of the vessel, and the mate, in a mixture of French and English. Striking his hand on the companion-ladder, he said, "Me must have your ship!" Captain Ramsdale, pointing to the flag, said, "You shall not have my ship; it is an English ship." The Prussian officer, whose men had at once proceeded to cut the ropes that tied her to her anchor, roared out, "Me don't care if she is English, or French, or Dutch, or Norwegian; me want her to couler her in the river. He repeated the French word *couler* (to sink) several times, and announced his intention to seize the brigantine, whether its captain would permit him or not. During this animated altercation the utmost confusion prevailed on board, the soldiers proceeding to knock holes in the bottom of the vessel. The captain cried out, "If you want my ship, pay me the £2000 she's worth." "Yes," said the officer, "I will." He then produced a printed form, and, calling for pen and ink, pointed to a vacant place on it, and directed the captain to fill it in, which he did. The form seemed to be an order on the Prussian Government. During the time this paper was being filled up the sailors were trying to save what they could of clothes and money, but without much success, for in less than ten minutes from the boarding of the vessel the sailors were hurried over the sides into a boat and cut adrift. A good deal of their clothing was left on board. The officer stepped on to the tug, leaving some soldiers in charge of the Sylph. These men hauled down the British flag (they had previously ordered the captain to do so, but he had refused), and they trampled on it and wiped their feet on it, making remarks as they did so in German. They then floated her down the river. They did not sink her immediately—in fact, not till the next morning—but, getting drunk on the ship's stores, set her partially on fire.

Though the captain had received a paper promising him £2000 for his ship, the sailors had received no compensation for their losses. When they got on shore at Rouen they reported themselves to the British Consul, who went to the Prussian authorities and remonstrated. Through his exertions two omnibuses were procured, and the men were dispatched en route for Dieppe. When they got to Colbec, between twelve and one at night, they were stopped in the bitter cold, the snow lying thick on the ground, by a body of Prussian soldiers, who ordered them to get down. Presenting the points of their bayonets, and rudely vociferating, they directed the sailors to undo their bundles. The mate distinctly affirms that the Prussians took not only the men's tobacco, but part of their clothing and even their money; he himself was robbed of several pounds' worth of clothes as well as his wages. The other men were likewise pillaged. One unfortunate sailor, while being compelled to lower down some luggage from the top of the vehicle for the Prussians to overhaul, slipped, and falling to the ground, got concussion of the brain. He had to be left behind at Colbec. Ultimately they were allowed to resume their journey. When they arrived at Dieppe, the Consul and the English Chaplain received them very kindly, and gave them 1s. each to buy their dinners with at Newhaven. Having been deprived by the Prussians of nearly everything they possessed, the poor men had nothing to eat from the time they arrived at Newhaven until their arrival in London. Thus they lost not only their employment, but all their wages and their clothes.

The mate of the Alice—which is one of the six ships sunk on Dec. 21—states that the vessels were seized in the most peremptory manner, and the crews put ashore, where they had to remain exposed to the bitter cold and to the rain, which wetted them through, eleven or twelve hours. These vessels were sunk at once, but, as they were not sufficient to block the passage of the river entirely to the satisfaction of the Prussians, the Sylph was subsequently seized, and after her the Paragon.

When the crews arrived in London, they went to the Home Office, and were sent thence to the office of the Registrar-General of Seamen. Most of them, being married men, were anxious to get to their families; but Mr. Mayo sent an officer with them to the Sailors' Home, where they were requested to stay, pending the action of the Government. An order has been given permitting the men to leave the Sailors' Home, a circumstance that seems to imply that the affair is not likely to have serious consequences. Indeed, we are assured that explanations have already been demanded and received. A despatch reciting the facts as already known, and requiring explanation, was sent to Versailles, on the 29th ult., and an expression of grief and regret at the misfortune was received from Count Bismarck, on Monday, with a promise that full inquiry should be at once made, and compensation granted to the sufferers if it was found to be deserved.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM PREMATURE INTERMENT.—A circumstance showing the danger of hasty interment occurred at Salford Cemetery, Eccles New-road, on Saturday afternoon. A few days ago a man died at Ashton-under-Lyne, and on Saturday morning his child, an infant said to be about six weeks old, was seized with a fit of convulsions, and apparently expired. A medical certificate of death was procured, and the body of the child, having been placed in the same coffin with that of its father, was taken to the Salford Cemetery for interment in the Roman Catholic portion of the ground. On reaching the cemetery, to the astonishment of all, a faint cry was heard to proceed from the coffin, which was opened, and the child found to be alive. A messenger was sent to the house of the Rev. Mr. Walker, at the cemetery gate, for brandy, but Mrs. Walker, fearing that spirits would choke the child, caused it to be brought to the house. She then promptly applied restorative measures, and the child recovered. It was afterwards taken to Salford Dispensary, but, we regret to add, died on Sunday night.—*Manchester Examiner*.

THE MINISTER OF WAR ON THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

MR. CARDWELL addressed his constituents at Oxford on Monday. After regretting the loss of Mr. Bright's services in an official capacity and enumerating the leading measures of the last Parliamentary Session, the right hon. gentleman came to the question of the national defence, upon which he said:—

If I do not fatigue you I will in a few sentences, I trust, satisfy you that we have not disbanded more than 20,000 of our experienced soldiers, that we have not had difficulty in raising recruits, that we have not been negligent in respect of our field artillery, that we are distributing small-arms with great rapidity, and that we have got quite as much powder as the circumstances require. What we did with regard to the reduction of our force was this—when we came into office we thought that a much larger portion of our battalions and batteries ought to be at home and a much smaller portion in the colonies than was then the case; and for this reason, that it was not just to you that you should be paying for the defence of the colonies when they are, perhaps, better able to pay for themselves. We thought it was not just to the colonies to paralyse their efforts by giving them that which they could do better for themselves—that by withdrawing your troops we should be developing the resources of the colonies; and we also thought that by having a larger number of regiments and batteries at home you would have a ready means of extending your force whenever circumstances might require by adding men to the batteries and the regiments you possess. Well, gentlemen, if we are not to have a much larger force at home than our predecessors thought necessary, it must be manifest that those battalions must have fewer men than before, or else these objects could not have been obtained. Now, when you are told that we disbanded more than 20,000 of our best soldiers, I say that we did not disband a single regiment or battery that would be serviceable for the defence of this country or for the advantage of her name and honour upon the continent of Europe. The fact was that we disbanded negro troops who were serving on the West Coast of Africa, and we were enabled to disperse with other colonial troops—excellent troops, no doubt, but not, in our opinion, troops for whom it was right that you should be called on to provide. With regard to other troops, we diminished the numbers, certainly, in the battalions I have mentioned to the lowest point; but we did it by perming with those with whom, for various reasons, it was thought advisable to part. And my opinion is that we improved the tone of the Army, and that, while it was not less numerous than before, it was more efficient. But you are told we have had difficulty in obtaining recruits. It happens that just before these events we had determined to do what I had always been told it was not possible to do, and that was, to recruit without bounty. Now, recruiting without bounty is of the greatest possible importance to the moral well-being of the Army. Bounty, I am afraid, was almost always spent in profligacy, and was found to be the worst inducement to a young recruit entering into an honourable and glorious service. We substituted for it an improved prospect of good-conduct pay. Immediately on this came the necessity for an additional 20,000 men. We are told we have failed in obtaining them; but the Inspector-General of Recruiting tells me that in the period which has elapsed since then he has enlisted more than 20,000 recruits; and he gives me a good character of those who have been enlisted. In saying this I do not say that more than 20,000 have been added to the numbers of the Army, because there is always a great drain requiring to be made good; but I do say that recruiting without bounty is going on briskly—and if not quite without precedent it is almost so, considering that bounty has been abolished. With regard to the question of field-guns, we are making a very considerable addition to our field artillery, and are preparing what we believe to be an improved field-gun; and I believe this very week we shall begin to issue guns at the rate of a battery a week for horse artillery. I expect immediately to follow with the issue to the field-artillery of a gun that will be known as the most powerful field-gun in Europe. I understand that the Oxford volunteers have not yet received their breech-loading rifles. That depends on the place they occupy on the roll. I understood that, during the time everything was profoundly quiet, the volunteers preferred to wait for the new arm—the Martini-Henry; but when there was a pressure for the issue of the snider we exerted ourselves to give it to them; and the result was that on Nov. 1 we began to issue them at 1000 a day—so that by April 1 they will have about 150,000 of them. We now come to powder. Now, don't let anybody throw dust in your eyes about that. It is true that for the last few years we have produced less powder than we have consumed, and in my opinion we have been right in this. Powder is not like wine; it does not improve by keeping. We have in store enough for the average consumption of several years to come, but there are changes taking place in ammunition and guns which materially affect the question of powder, and this applies especially to the kind of powder recently introduced for heavy guns. Three improvements have been made in powder for heavy guns during the time I have held office. Only in May last a particular kind, called "pebble" powder, was approved, and we immediately set to work to adapt our machinery for the use of pebble powder, and are most desirous of getting all the best pebble powder we can get at a fair price as rapidly as possible, and have not gone on increasing our store of old and antiquated powder; and I think you will agree we should have been bad stewards of your interests if we had. The measures which are to provide for the defence of the country and the organisation of the army and the reserve are measures which it is the duty of her Majesty's Government to propose to Parliament, and which Parliament, no doubt, will wisely determine. It is the intention of the Government to fulfil that duty to the best of their ability.

After remarking that we ought to have nothing to do with parsimony, and that the word panic ought not to be known in the English vocabulary, Mr. Cardwell said:—

I shall only pursue the subject further to say that your arrangements cannot be made by a blind adherence to the example of any foreign country; they must be made with due consideration for your circumstances, character, and position. A great country like Prussia, with an extended frontier and a powerful neighbour, may maintain a gigantic army. A great country like the United States of America, holding a high place in the scale of nations but separated from Europe by the broad Atlantic, may be satisfied with an army and navy very small indeed in comparison with ours. We have a foreign service greater than that of any country in the world. We have an insular position; we have European relations, and our arrangements must be considered upon our own basis and with a view to what is necessary for the maintenance of our own interests and our own honour. Such I trust they will be; but when every preparation has been made the great resource of this country will ever be in the knowledge acquired by every foreign Power how great are our resources and how high the spirit of the power that can command them. Our history justifies us in applying to ourselves the words of Lord Macaulay:—

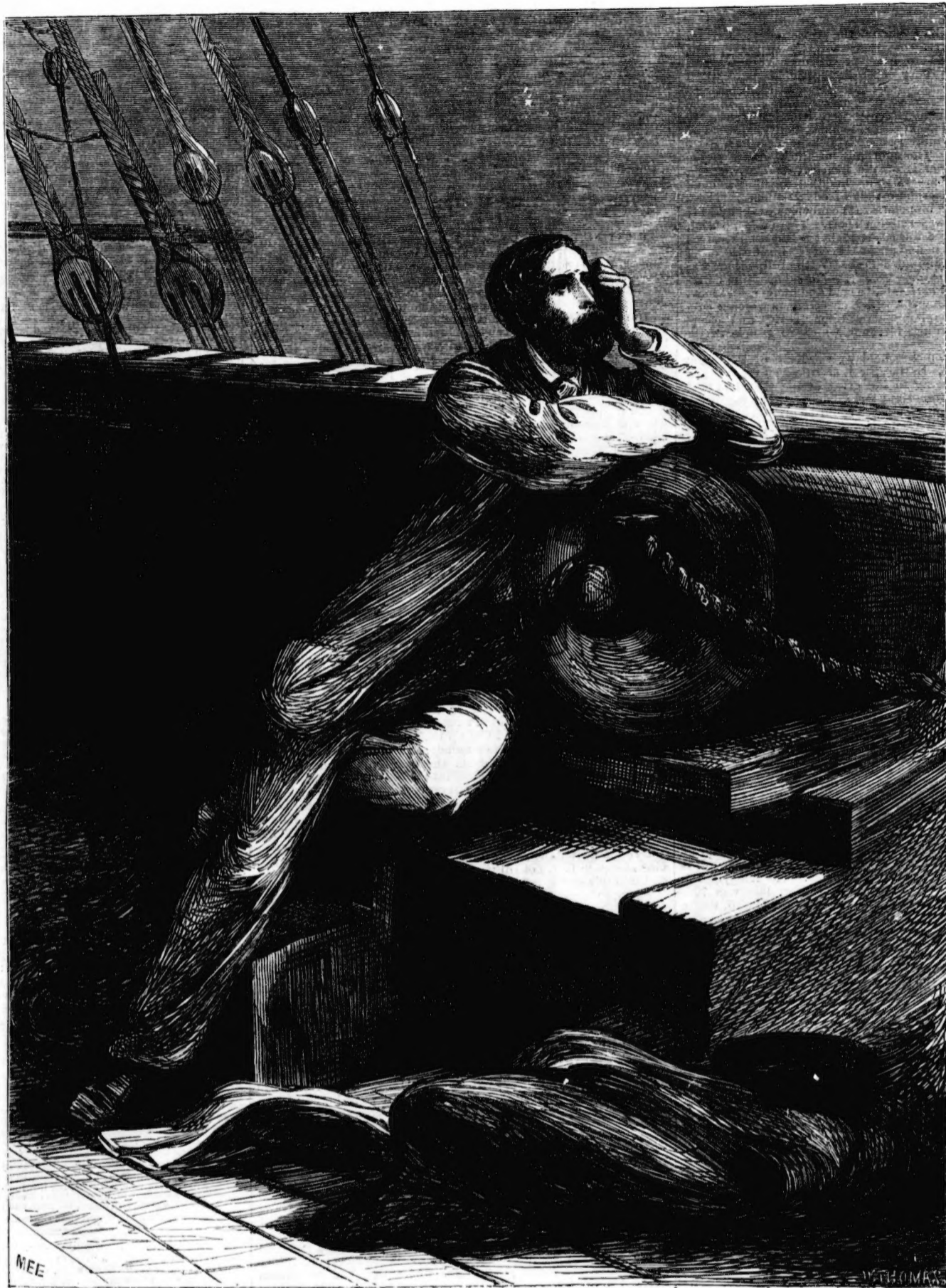
The Romans in Rome's quarrels spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life, in the brave days of old.

Then none were for a party, then all were for the State.

Then the great man helped the poor, and the poor man loved the great.

And foreign nations know well that the same would be the case now with us.

A RHINOCEROS AND THE ICE.—Mr. Frank Buckland writes to *Land and Water* an account of a "strange ice accident" to the rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens on the 28th ult. The animal had been turned out that morning as usual into the paddock behind the elephant-house, while the dens were being cleaned. The snow had fallen thickly during the night, so that the pond was not to be distinguished from the ground. The rhinoceros, not seeing the pond, put her forefeet on the ice, which immediately gave way, and in she went, head over heels, with a crash. The keepers ran for Mr. Bartlett, the resident superintendent. When he came, in a few minutes, he found the poor rhinoceros in great danger of drowning, as she was floundering about among great sheets of ice, under which she had probably been kept down till her great strength enabled her to break up the whole mass. Here, then, was a most awkward accident, under unexpected and novel circumstances. Mr. Bartlett, with his usual courage, quickness, and readiness of resource, was quite equal to the occasion. He immediately let the water off the pond by knocking away a large plug which he has thoughtfully fixed instead of a tap, which is liable to get out of order. In the mean time, the poor rhinoceros was in great danger of drowning, as the pond is 9 ft. deep; so, while the water was running off, Mr. Bartlett, losing no time, sent for all the available keepers and a long and strong rope; barrow-loads of gravel were at the same time strewn on the sloping sides of the pond to give the exhausted animal a foothold. The rope was then tossed round the haunches of the rhinoceros, like the kicking-strap of a horse in harness, and twenty-six men, one half at one end of the rope and the other half at the other, pulled hard on the rhinoceros; so that in her struggles to get up the bank she would not only be supported, but pulled forcibly forwards. After much hauling on the part of the men and much plunging on the slippery bank of the pond, the rhinoceros was at last landed on terra firma. The saviors of this valuable living property had then to look out for themselves. Mr. Bartlett had anticipated this, for he had left the sliding gate of the inclosure open just wide enough to let out one man at a time, but not a rhinoceros. An absurd scene then ensued; everybody rushed to the gate, but the first of the fugitives from the rhinoceros—naturally stout, and possibly stouter at Christmas-time than usual—jammed fast in the open gate, so that the other twenty-five men were in the paddock with the rhinoceros. The poor frightened and half-frozen beast luckily behaved very well; she did not rush after the men, but stood still, pricked her ears and snorted, giving the keepers time to get out as fast as they could, and how they could, through the ingenious "man-hole," or guard in the railing, made in case of emergencies. Neither the rhinoceros nor the men received the slightest injury. Shortly after the accident Mr. Buckland saw the rhinoceros munching her breakfast as if nothing had happened. The rhinoceros was the big female; she is about 10 ft. 6 in. long and about 5 ft. high at the shoulder, and she weighs, at a guess, between three and four tons. The ice was 4 in. thick.



WATCHING AT SEA, AND THINKING OF ONE AT HOME.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

SAY what we may about the great English holiday, we can never divest it of the characteristics that make it a representative season. Abolish plum-pudding and substitute sea-moss fariné or revalenta arabica for roast beef; let soufflets take the place of mince-pies, and chocolate bonbons suffice for the non-appearance of snap-dragon; read a chapter of John Stuart Mill, instead of singing a catch, and attend the lectures for "Psychological Ladies," when the season reminds you of blindman's buff; listen to a treatise on the electoral use of the ballot-box when the tables are set for "Pope Joan;" argue the rights of women to the neglect of crying forfeits; order up "the unfermented wines" that are derived from acidulous chemicals, instead of hot-spiced elder or mulled claret; call out for a treatise on calisthenics whenever there is a tendency towards a romp; exclude cakes and ale, and let no ginger be hot in the mouth, except it be infused into a black draught, and yet there shall be some tender memories that the advent of Christmas and the dawn of the new year will awaken, some yearning after absent friends, some recollections of joys that cannot be for ever lost, some thrill not altogether ghostly, as we feel the touch of vanished hands, and listen to the low tones of voices that are still, with a sudden impulse to cherish with greater intensity of love those that are yet with us in the flesh, and wait in a mutual hope of the great reunion that the Christian festival itself prefigures.

So closely has this anniversary season come to be identified with tender hopes and thoughts of loving greeting that the Christmas and New-Year's Days become a clasp with which to unite the holy necklace of the year. In England they stand out from the other three hundred and sixty-three as the gold-bordered fastening that unites the rest like a row of beads—beads of emerald, topaz, ruby, opal—representing the rosary of our year's life; its successes, triumphs, hopes, faiths, loves, are all reflected in this wonderful crystal show stone, whose inmost core reflects a thousand facets with all their fleeting hues, and holds a ray from each. It is not for those who have passed out of our mortal sight for whom we watch and wait. Their memory hallows the feast, and, except in cases of recent bereavement, makes its joy no less. Our hearts rest in hope for them, but they go out anxiously in thoughts for the absent. A shade comes over the light of the gleaming fire, the sheen of the glass and silver that deck the table is dimmed, the sounds of mirth fall low, the laugh passes into a half-wistful sigh, as the toast "To those who are far away!" is spoken. Like the passage in the Morning Service praying for travellers by land and sea, the response is murmured; and loving lips touch the edge of the glass as though the feast had become sacramental. That hidden thought that had all along been lying deep in the hearts of father, mother, lover, wife, brother, sister, wells upwards, forcing tears with it; and the burden grows lighter by being shared—the secret, which is no secret,

becomes less torturing. With so many watching eyes and outstretched hands, surely the wanderer will return and the vacant place not remain empty for evermore. This yearning after the absent begins before the very morning of the day itself. Sitting there beside the hearth, the young wife looks up from that tiny sleeping face that lies imbedded in the soft pillow of the little cradle, and sees amidst the sprays and wreaths with which she has decked the chimney the image of him who fills her thoughts with memories that seem so long past, yet so short a year ago. As she turns the slender gold circlet on the finger her life seems all concentrated on those two—the little half-conscious creature just stirring out of sleep, and him for whom she waits and prays. What story combined out of living realities by the imagination of the author can have such vital power as this novel chapter in her life, absorbing all the pages that have gone before in the deep meaning of a mother's love, a wife's self sacrifice? what possible future to be developed in the later pages of the book can beguile those straining eyes which would fain see far away and meet the ship that comes upon its trackless path, bearing such precious freight to that still fireside?

Ah! on that vessel's deck another heart is full; other loving fancies picturing the waiting figure and praying for the loved ones at home. The soft winds sighing through the rigging, the clear stars rushing out in the dark blue sky, the very gleam and ripple of the sea, suggest thoughts of that cosy, domestic nook.



WAITING AT HOME, AND THINKING OF ONE AT SEA.

The great Christian festival just passed suggests them, too; and as the home ward-bound voyager gazes into those spangled depths of night, and remembers the star of Bethlehem and the singing of the angels, he whispers a prayer for that babe that he longs to see, for whom, as for all who are born into the world, the cradle in the manger is a hope and a sign for ever, even as it is for the heavenly host who celebrated the first Christmas that dawned, a new era for mankind.

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

A LETTER has just been received from Cadiz which summarises the accounts obtained from most of the observers connected with the Government eclipse expedition. The gentlemen forming that body, on their arrival at Cadiz, spent the evening of the 13th and the whole of the 14th in fixing on the most favourable sites for observation. They finally chose as their central observatory the vineyard of San Antonio, very conveniently situated some nine miles nearly due north of the Royal Observatory of San Fernando. The large house attached to the property was most generously placed at their entire disposal by Senor Matheu, of Cadiz, and it afforded every accommodation, both for instruments and observers. The position of San Antonio was accurately determined by Captain Toynbee, who found it to be lat. 36 deg. 37 min. 13 sec. N., long. 24 deg. 45 min. W. of Greenwich. When the prelimi-

nary observations had been made, the instruments examined and finally adjusted by Mr. W. Ladd, and the course of observations each was to attempt agreed upon, thirteen of the observers were distributed. The rest remained at San Antonio. The weather, which, report says, is usually very fine in the south-west of Spain at that season of the year, was exceptionally bad after their arrival, the only fine day being the 21st. The observers were, therefore, spread out as much as possible, in hopes of not failing altogether on account of bad weather. The results justified their anticipations. The fine weather of the 21st lasted but a day, and at two a.m. of the 22nd the clouds and rain returned. A break only came some 48 sec. after first contact, when a distinct notch was observed on the solar disc. This break was only a change from thick cloud to thin Cir.-S.; but they were enabled to observe the time of contact of the limb of the moon with several of the more remarkable solar spots. In the north the sky was partially clear, but in the south no part of the heavens was free from cloud. A very striking change of light on the landscape was noticed when little more than three fourths of the solar disc was covered, and a chill was felt by all. The thermometer, observed by Captain Toynbee, fell 3 deg. Fah. from the commencement to totality, and rose again 1.7 deg. before the end of the eclipse. The barometer was falling rapidly all the time of the eclipse, and also afterwards, at the rate of 0.04 inch an hour. The wind was west by north, true. During totality it lulled, but

freshened afterwards, with very heavy rain. The moment of totality approached, and no chance remained of even a momentary break in the thin Cir.-S. that enveloped the sun and obscured most of the southern heavens. As the crescent became thinner, the cusps were observed first to be drawn out a length of several minutes and then blunted; the well-known Bailey's beads were formed, and the corona burst forth more than 20 sec. before totality. Viewed through a telescope of very moderate dimensions, the spectacle was grand; but the Cir.-S. clouds destroyed almost all the grandeur of the effect for the naked eye. The brightest part of the corona appeared to the unassisted eye to be scarcely more than one tenth of the sun's diameter, fading rapidly when one fifth, but being still clearly visible at seven eighths. Some observed two curved rays, but the general appearance was that of a diffuse light interrupted in four places distinctly, and in a fifth faintly, by dark intervals. The corona was white, and rendered faint by the clouds. The darkness was never sufficient to prevent sketching with comfort without the aid of a lamp. Venus alone was visible. Totality ended by the formation of Bailey's beads, and the corona was visible to the naked eye fifteen or sixteen seconds after totality. The corona was seen for 2 min. 50 sec., totality lasting less than 2 min. 10 sec. The clouds obscuring the sun appear to have almost destroyed all chance of detecting any except atmospheric polarisation. The observations with the spectro-

were also greatly interfered with by the Cir.-S., and the best instrument was rendered entirely useless. Shortly after totality the clouds thickened still more, and nothing further could be observed. The view of the eclipse obtained near Arcas is described as very magnificent; a sketch was made there by Mr. Warrington Smyth. At the American station near Xeres there was a break in the clouds which lasted somewhat more than half of totality. But Lord Lindsay's party was the most favoured in Spain, having seen the sun through a rent in the clouds for five minutes, and this time embracing the whole of totality.

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BRITISH CHARITY.

We are not aware that the late Mr. Buckle went into the "laws" which regulate the giving or the disposal of charitable contributions. That there is an average in the number of murders and robberies; in the number of misdirected letters that go through the Post Office; the proportions of boys and girls that are born; and in other matters, we have been often told. But, though we have a good deal of statistical information concerning our Charities, we doubt if we have any of the kind which would serve the purposes of Mr. Buckle or any other student of civilisation.

There are, of course, many reasons why people may not always give when they are asked. Only fools give to the frozen-out gardener, or the poor man who has got no work to do-o-o, or the wretched-looking woman with the catlike eyes and the furtive manner, who carries a half-naked baby in the snow while she intones a hymn in melancholy fragments to all and sundry. Again, only fools give to those speculators on Christmas sentiment who roam about the streets in the snow or the slush at this time of the year and howl out Christmas hymns for the edification of the faithful and the enrichment of their own pockets. True, this class of "charitable" fools is rather numerous, and we have known a servant-girl with "a voice" to be withdrawn from a thoroughly good situation at Christmas, in order that her parents might send her "trotting" about the thoroughfares to sing, so large is the sum to be "bagged" at certain times on the strength of popular sentiment. Again, it is intelligible enough that shrewd people should have been unwilling to drop money into those exposed-looking boxes that until lately were seen about the streets with inscriptions calling upon you to remember the sick and wounded in the war. We once saw two of the collecting-boys engaged in a playful free fight; each fell down, and each dropped his money-box. At all events, to drop money into a casual box, guarded solely by a little boy whom you never saw before in all your life, was a risky sort of thing to do.

But what risk can there be in dropping contributions into the boxes of the stations of the Royal Humane Society? Surely none; and yet the amount of the contributions this year at one of these stations almost suggests the motto of the society—*lateat scintilla forsan*. On a certain day this Christmas, the "very little spark" which "lurked" in the receptacle amounted to sixpence; on another, to ninepence-halfpenny; the number of the skaters being counted by tens of thousands.

How is this? Does it really carry any reflection upon British charity or British gratitude? We hope and believe not. What, then, is the explanation? It strikes us that the little side-box in many a church and chapel or at many a hospital would tell, and has, in fact, often told, a similar story. And the reason is, not that the average Briton is unwilling to give, but that he is slow to be roused to action, and likes to be specific and direct in his beneficence. Send round the velvet bag at the offertory on Sunday, or hold the plate at the door, and you get money enough, because the solicitation is direct and appropriately timed. But the man who passes by, say the box that is outside the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's-inn-road, is perhaps in a hurry—at all events, he is not thinking about hospitals—and the appeal made by the box is not direct enough to rouse his sympathies. So, when Jones goes to the park to skate, he *does* go to skate; and all the boxes in the world will not make him think much of anything else but skating. We do not advise the discontinuance of the boxes—even ninepence is worth having; but, if the society is in want of funds, it will only get them by direct appeals made at fixed times and in a pointed manner. Perhaps, one of the most successfully-worked charities in the world is the Royal Life-Boat Institution, and everybody must have been struck with its admirably-organised appeals for the help that seems never to fail. We are satisfied, in any case, that the rule for soliciting "charitable" subscriptions is this—have a fixed time, a fixed place, a distinct understanding, and a direct form of solicitation.

PATRIOTISM AND POETRY.

In a published letter Mr. Carlyle reiterates what neither his years nor his great achievements need prevent our terming his silly, as well as hackneyed, blunder about verse. Briefly, it comes to this—that, while there is so much stern work to be done in the world, nobody ought to make rhymes. When Troy is taken, your Homer may sing; but during the siege his music is an impertinence.

As a few people may possibly think there is something in this trash, it may claim just a word of refutation: more it does not deserve.

First, as to the more abstract side of the question. That no person should sing who has not a natural vocation for singing is a truism. But since there are persons who are, by grace of God, *born* singers—i.e., born capable of speaking best in verse—we may safely infer that we need such help as poets can give; and that they, on the other hand, are fully entitled and may even be *bound* to use their special gifts in their own way. Mr. Carlyle is in error in supposing that verse is one whit more artificial than prose. It is a demonstrated psychological law that rhythmic expression is a necessity of strong emotion—a necessity exhibited in the *rockings* of the body in grief and in other ways, up to the delight in poetry and music.

Turning to plain fact, we find it goes dead against Mr. Carlyle. It was a countryman of his who said that he cared little who made the laws if he might make the songs. Byron's poetry was a mighty political and social force. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was the keynote of most important movements of our own day. Ebenezer Elliott did no small share of the work that ended in the repeal of the Corn Laws. What does Mr. Carlyle think of "The German's Fatherland," "The Marseillaise," and the seasons of Dibdin? Burns, we know, he thinks might have been better employed than in writing his poems. But we dare to call this whim of Mr. Carlyle's one piece more of his tyrannical conceit, which would like to put down "most things;" and we assert that Burns, in his singing robes, did the work Providence designed he *should* do. That Mr. Carlyle here, as elsewhere, disagrees with Providence, is unlucky for Mr. Carlyle; but we do not imagine that Providence contemplates accommodating itself to his peculiarities.

THE STORE OF BREECHLOADERS.

MR. CARDWELL has requested the *Times* to publish the following letter, which completely refutes a statement so often and so confidently made as to obtain at last undeserved credence:—

Jan. 3, 1871.
My dear Gladstone,—In the *Times* of this morning I see the following passage, which is stated to be contained in an address to you from some of your constituents, now in course of signature, "Because your War Minister, Mr. Cardwell, had the audacity to state in the House of Commons that he had in store 300,000 breechloading rifles, a statement which he must (officially) have known contained the grossest misstatement of facts ever attempted to be foisted on the House of Commons."

As this is not anonymous, though I do not yet know by whom it is signed, I think it right to call your attention to what took place.

On Aug. 1 Sir John Hay stated in the House of Commons:—"I do not believe there are 20,000 stand of breechloaders in store ready to arm our regulars, militia, and volunteers." I had before me on the table a paper from the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, in which it was stated that there were 300,000 in store, and I made that statement in reply.

The next day Sir John Pakington again referred to the subject:—"Was he, then, to understand that the regular Army, including the regiment referred to in Scotland, was supplied with breechloaders; that the militia were, to a certain, supplied; and that, over and above this, there were 300,000 of these arms in store." I answered, "Yes." Sir John Pakington was "extremely glad to hear it, and he was glad that he had been the means of bringing out a statement upon a matter that had not previously been properly understood;" and I made the following statement:—"Perhaps the best plan would be for my right hon. friend to move for a return of the number of breechloaders in store—a return which I would gladly give, and that would furnish the information with minute accuracy."

I said, "I had repeatedly stated that I was informed by those who were responsible to me for the custody of the breechloading weapons that, in round numbers, the number of breechloaders in store at that moment was 300,000."

Sir John Pakington expressed himself "perfectly satisfied, and had no desire to move for any return on the subject."

A return was moved for by Mr. Sinclair Aytoun, on Aug. 8, and the answer to it was as follows:—

IN STORE.		
Snider rifles and carbines:—		
At home stations on Aug. 8, 1870	231,240	
At foreign stations, including India, by the latest accounts	53,039	
Total number of Snider arms in store	284,279	
Carbines and muskets of other descriptions:—		
At home stations	16,500	
At foreign stations	144	
	300,923	

It thus appears that the statement I made was literally true, and that I was careful not to state more than I knew.

The grounds on which the statement of the Surveyor-General to me was made are shown in the return of which I inclose a copy. Yours truly,
Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. EDWARD CARDWELL.

EDUCATION OF UNITED STATES OFFICERS.—The United States Secretary of War reports that during the past year fifty-eight cadets of the Military Academy at West Point have graduated and been appointed Second Lieutenants in the army; seventeen have been discharged for marked deficiency in conduct or studies; six have resigned, one has deserted, and four have died. New cadets to the number of sixty-five have been admitted, and the corps at present numbers 228 members, divided, for purposes of study and scientific instruction, into four classes; and organised, for military instruction, duty, and discipline, into a battalion officered from among themselves. The Secretary states that within the next four years some 200 educated officers can be supplied to the army, equal in professional attainments to the requirements of any military organisation upon officers of their grade. Gratifying reports of the welfare and progress of the academy are presented both by the inspector and the board of visitors. Hopes are entertained that the increasing labours of the corps of engineers, in connection with the internal and foreign commerce of the country, and the necessity of employing civil engineers, will induce a repeal of the present law prohibiting appointments and promotions in the corps, and thus restore to the cadets an incentive to exertion, of which they have lately been deprived. The Secretary adds that a personal visit to West Point, in June last, afforded satisfactory evidence of the high state of discipline and the comprehensive judgment which characterises the management of the Academy. A thorough inspection disclosed some defects, and exhibited some matters of detail in which changes were desirable; but its well-earned character as a military school is fully sustained. The Secretary of the Navy reports that the Naval Academy at Annapolis continues to be a subject of great interest and satisfaction to all who are interested in the service. The mental and physical development produced under the system there pursued is of great value, and its benefits are felt in every department of the service. The Board of Visitors have made recommendations, in which the department concurs, in regard to the increase of age at the time of admission, and the establishment of a swimming-school. The Secretary remarks that this institution is intended as a school of discipline for an exact and difficult service, as well as of mental instruction and improvement. In this view the enforcement of regulations which to the uninformed may seem strict becomes necessary to maintain the standard of the school and accomplish the ends for which it was established.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has fixed Wednesday, March 29, as the day on which she proposes to open the Royal Albert Hall at Kensington.

THE MOST REV. DR. CYRIL B. BENNI, Archbishop of Mosul (the ancient Nineveh), is now in London. He is engaged in making collections to aid in establishing schools and rebuilding churches for the Roman Catholics of the Syrian rite in his diocese.

SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, left Dublin last Saturday evening for London, to confer with the Secretary of State for War relative to the defences of the country.

MR. CHICHESTER PORTESCUE has accepted the office of President of the Board of Trade; and the Marquis of Hartington that of Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Cabinet, which, during the illness and absence of Mr. Bright, was temporarily increased, will consist, as heretofore, of fifteen members. Mr. Monsell, M.P. for Limerick, it is stated, has accepted the place of Postmaster-General, which, for the present, will be held by a Minister without a seat in the Cabinet.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada, in reply to a deputation who asked permission to open a railroad through grounds formerly used by the British troops, in Kingston, Ontario, said he was convinced British troops would be back within five years.

THE DEATH OF LORD WALSHINGHAM will render necessary an election for West Norfolk, in consequence of the succession of the Hon. T. De Grey to the Peerage. Mr. De Grey was first returned for the division at the general election of 1865.

FIFTY ADDITIONAL WORKMEN were engaged at the Woolwich Laboratory on Monday morning. The productive power of this department is now greater than during the Crimean War.

A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY left Woolwich, on Wednesday, for Tilbury Fort, there to be employed in mounting and manning heavy guns for the defence of the Thames.

THE REMAINS OF MR. J. WALTER, jun., who was drowned in Bearwood Lake while rescuing his brother and cousin under circumstances recently reported, were interred last Saturday in the family vault in Bearwood churchyard. The service, though of an unostentatious character, attracted great crowds to witness it. Business was partially suspended in the town of Wokingham and villages adjacent thereto out of respect for the memory of the deceased.

SOME IDEA OF THE COLD of last week is furnished by the Registrar-General. The mean temperature at Greenwich Observatory was 25.7, or 11.7 below the average of the same week in fifty years. On the night of Christmas Day the thermometer fell to 9.8 degrees.

THE FIRST of a series of daily prayer-meetings held this week under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance took place on Monday. The gathering in the morning was at Freemasons' Hall, the Rev. Canon Baldwin, of Toronto, in the chair. That in the afternoon was held at the London Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. H. M. Matheson.

AT A MEETING of Head Masters of English public schools, held last week at Sherborne, it was resolved that the present mode of pronouncing Latin in England is objectionable; and that the Latin Professors of Oxford and Cambridge should be invited to draw up a paper so as to ensure uniformity in case a change is adopted.

THE REVENUE RETURNS show that the gross receipts during the quarter ending Dec. 31 amounted to £15,929,182, and for the year to £71,268,955. Compared with the corresponding periods of the preceding year, there was a net decrease on the quarter of £602,920, but on the twelve months the net increase was £553,581.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM and the galleries connected with it were visited during Christmas week by 41,433 persons, the average of corresponding weeks in former years having been 28,222. The total number of visitors during the year ending Dec. 31, 1870, has been—Morning, 742,889; evening, 271,969; making a total of 1,014,849. Total from opening of museum, 10,071,667.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, her Majesty's Minister, has received from England about 5000 dol., a fund for the benefit of the widow and orphans of the men lost in the American steamer *Onida*, sunk near Yokohama by the British steamer *Bombay*. The money was quickly subscribed by seventy Englishmen, headed by Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Clarendon, and has been sent to Sir Edward for distribution at his discretion.

A SECTION OF ELECTORS at GREENWICH is circulating amongst the constituency a memorial, couched in somewhat extravagant language, calling upon Mr. Gladstone to resign his seat for that borough. The right hon. gentleman's policy, both domestic and foreign, is pronounced unsatisfactory; and he is reminded that, since his return, in December, 1868, he has neither visited Greenwich nor attended to its interests.

WHILE THE FRENCH WAR-STEAMER *Gwynne* was taking in coal from a lighter in Queenstown Harbour, last Saturday evening, the man in charge of the latter was warned that he would be liable to penalties for supplying contraband of war if more coal was put on board than was necessary to take the *Gwynne* to the nearest French port. The coaling of the vessel was at once discontinued. The Prussian war-steamer *Augusta* is reported to be off the Irish coast on the look out for the *Gwynne*.

THE SHOP OF MR. BURLINGHAM, a jeweller of Peterborough, was broken into, a few days ago, and property of the value of £2000 stolen. A man named Thomas Henry, alias Stripes, was arrested on suspicion; and on Sunday another man, named William Pain, was captured at a lodging-house in Kent-street, Borough. When told that he was wanted for being concerned in the robbery, Pain said he thought Stripes would "round" on him. At the station he said he was "done for," and if he had the chance he would kill the informer. He also said he might as well confess all about the robbery, for he knew he was "settled for life."

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed to inquire into the allegations of ill-treatment made by the Fenian prisoners declare that, after a patient and minute investigation, there is no ground for the belief that the convicts were subjected to exceptionally severe treatment. On the contrary, there was evidence that from time to time the prison authorities had sanctioned certain relaxations of discipline in their favour. A recommendation is made—from which, however, Mr. Greenhow dissents—that a detached portion of some convict prison should be set apart for offenders of this class.

SNOW lies to a great depth in various parts of Scotland, especially in the more elevated districts. The line of railway between Macduff and Inverness is blocked up; and the traffic in several parts of the country has been suspended on account of the heavy snowdrifts on the road. Accounts received at Leith state that the *Cattegat*, the *Belts*, and the *Sound* are now completely frozen over, so that all communication with the Baltic is stopped. The *Elbe* and the *Wezer* have for some time been completely closed, and Rotterdam and Antwerp are likewise inaccessible. The Leith trade with the Continent is, in consequence, almost entirely suspended.

FUNERAL OF MR. GEORGE WILSON.—The funeral of Mr. George Wilson, chairman of the National Reform Union, who died suddenly last week, while on a railway journey to Liverpool, took place on Wednesday, at Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester. It was attended by the Mayor and Corporation, the directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company (of which Mr. Wilson was chairman), several representatives of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the deputy chairman and the vice-president of the Reform Union, many deputations from Liberal and Reform clubs, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., Mr. R. N. Phillips, M.P., Sir Edward Waikins, the Rev. Dr. McKerrow, and a large number of the leading reformers of the district. In the chapel, previous to the interment, an oration was pronounced over the body by the Rev. A. Thompson, an Independent minister.

MR. EMERSON ON ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The New York papers report a lecture by Mr. Emerson on the Early Puritans. In closing his remarks Mr. Emerson referred to England and to American relations with England. He said:—"England has a great deal of cheap wit upon America. She dislikes our manners, gives us kind counsel, and is often quite right in her criticisms; we make the same ourselves. But is this the real opinion of England which we read in the *London Times*, *Punch*, and other journals? I think not. I rather choose to read British opinions mainly in the immense emigration of English people to these shores, the immense commerce that is carried on between London and New York, the immense investment of British capital in this country. The American sits secure in the possession of his vast domain; sees its inevitable force unloosing itself in elemental order day by day and year by year; looks from his coal-fields, his wheat-bearing prairies, his gold-mines, to his two oceans on each side, regards with security not only the annexation of English colonies, but the annexation of England. England has long been the cashier of the world; but the English merchant must soon pass from India by the Pacific Railroad, and must make his exchanges in New York. This is but a type of many other changes. We read without pain what they say to the advantage of England and to the disadvantage of America, for are we not the heir? 'Percy is but the factor, good my Lord.' England has made herself the founder of her colonies—educating the native population in good schools, putting them in good employment, aiming to put them in a condition to attend to their own affairs. England should say: 'Go; I have given you English equality, English laws, manners, and customs; de-Anglicise yourselves if you can.' We see for ourselves that her own foreign interest is to assure herself at all times of the friendly relations of America, which is one with her by speech, by religious equality, and by equal civilisation. In all the dangers which are likely to threaten her from other nations, America is sure to sympathise with her, and extend a protection as noble to bestow as to receive."

THE LOUNGER.

OUR good friend, the Sultan, is again pressed by pecuniary difficulties, and cannot pay his way. The time has come to pay certain dividends on loans; but, alack! the Sultan's Treasurer, or Minister of Finance, has had to report "No effects, your Highness." "No effects? What must be done? Well, there is but one way. We must do as we have done oftentimes before—borrow." And so the Minister of Finance—the name of him, Sadyk—is once again in the London money market. The amount wanted is £2,000,000 sterling. It is not a very large sum; but so bad is the Turkish credit that very extravagant terms have to be offered. The money is to be borrowed only for fourteen months. The lender is to have 14 per cent, and this he is to retain when he pays in his contribution to the loan. Further, he is to have security upon part of the mutton or sheep tax levied in Roumelia. Only upon part; for this mutton tax is already partially hypothecated, or mortgaged, as security for a debt, as most of his Highness's taxes are. Then there is further security upon a deposit of £3,000,000 nominal debt of the empire. That is, I suppose, stock to that amount, which was authorised, but not issued, because, probably, nobody wanted it. It would appear from all this that the Sultan's financial position is not very sound; rather, one would say, very unsound. But there is worse behind. From the year 1858 to 1868, though every year the Budget showed a surplus, a deficit accumulated to the amount of nearly £15,000,000. "How is this? Surely the Turkish accounts, then, must be very badly kept," my readers will say. Very, indeed. Sir Henry Page Turner Barron, First Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople, by order of his Government, in 1867, examined these accounts, and thus reported:—"To give anything like a trustworthy balance-sheet of the Ottoman Treasury is an impossibility. It is very doubtful whether the elements exist to enable the Minister himself to produce such a document." In short, there are no accounts, or as good as none. The reason why the English Government ordered this examination was probably this: In 1855 England and France guaranteed a loan of I know not how many millions to Turkey, to enable the Sultan to carry on the Crimean War. England, therefore, is a heavy creditor; for, if Turkey should fail to pay the debt, England and France must. It may occur to my readers to ask how, with her finances in such a state, could Turkey go to war? Well, the answer is, she would borrow again; and, as she cannot get a loan without a guarantee, England would have to give a guarantee.

Those thirty-two gentlemen who signed the remonstrance to Mr. Gladstone against the official non-recognition of the French Republic are presumably all Radicals. Some, we know, are Radicals, and something more—Democrats, or even Republicans; and yet they demand that the English Government shall formally recognise a self-elected Government, or, at most, a Government sanctioned only by Paris, and not by the whole nation, as, according to the established Radical formula, all Governments ought to be. Further, many of these gentlemen are educated men—highly cultured men, indeed; and it is strange that they did not see that a formal recognition of this French Government might place us in a difficult position. In this contingency, which is very likely to occur, for example:—Peace must soon come, and then France will have to choose a form of government. This, it is easy to foresee, will be a difficult task. It is not improbable that there may be, for a time, two Governments in the field: and, in such case, if our Ministers were formally to recognise the present Government, England would find herself in a very unpleasant dilemma. It is remarkable that educated men like Mr. Ludlow, for instance, do not see that our Ministers have, sufficiently for all practical purposes, recognised the present French Government. But here is something still more strange. These gentlemen—all Radicals, or Radicals and something more—actually demand that England shall, failing certain remonstrances made with Prussia, at once declare war with Prussia to restore and maintain "the balance of power" in Europe. Yes, even so; and this demand is made by Radicals, or Radicals and something more. I had thought that the "anarch old," the balance of power, was some time ago, after a long, lingering decay, by common consent of Whigs and Tories, quietly dispatched and buried, never to rise again. Certainly the brains of it were knocked out, and when the brains are out the thing ought to die. But no; here it is again, galvanised into life, or something like life—not real life, one hopes—and that not by Tories and Whigs, its ancient patrons, but by Radicals, or Radicals and something more. Among the strange changes that changing Time doth bring, surely this is the most strange. These thirty-two gentlemen say they sent this remonstrance to the Prime Minister because the recognised method of expressing public opinion in Parliament is not available. I venture to assert that if Parliament were sitting, and a member were to move a resolution that England ought to declare war to maintain the balance of power in Europe, he would not get twenty members out of the 658 to follow him into the lobby.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue, late Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is now President of the Board of Trade, vice Mr. Bright, resigned; and the Marquis of Hartington, late Postmaster-General, is Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Our Liberal papers criticise unfavourably these changes. Why should these officials, they ask, leave departments, the duties of which they understand, to take upon themselves duties which they don't understand? As if this were anything new. Have we not seen a Pakington one day a First Lord of the Admiralty, and before he could have well learned the duties of that office, changed into Chief Secretary of State for War? Such changes are so common that one is almost compelled to believe that these high people get knowledge by intuition and not by painstaking labour, as common mortals do. However, there are good reasons why Mr. Chichester Fortescue should wish to resign the office of Secretary for Ireland. He has held the office altogether nearly four years. During the last two years the work has been very heavy, and it is as natural that he should wish to get an easier place. Moreover, it is said, *sotto voce*, that the Dowager Countess Waldegrave (Mr. Fortescue married the relict of the late Earl) does not like an annual transportation to Dublin—prefers Strawberry Hill. True, Mr. Fortescue loses £2000 a year by the change. But what matter? Her Ladyship is extremely rich. Lord Hartington's change of the office of Postmaster-General for the Irish office puzzles many. By the change he gets an increase of £1500 a year, the salary of the Postmaster being £2500, that of the Irish Secretary £4000; but this increase could hardly weigh with the heir of the Dukedom of Devonshire. But we don't know all. There are "veils within veils, Sammy," as old Weller said.

The political quidnuncs have been puzzled very much by Mr. Otway's resignation of the office of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. "I cannot understand it," said one of these, whom I met in St. James's Park. "Ill-health, perhaps," I suggested. "No; I hear he was never better." "Some say he has got a permanent situation abroad." "I don't believe that. If he had, I should have heard of it. Besides, I don't believe that he would leave the House. I can't understand it." Well, the simple truth is, that Mr. Otway resigned because he does not agree with the Government policy in the matter of Gortschakoff's Note. In what particular he disagrees I cannot—that is, I will not—say. Let him explain to the public in his own way, and at his own time. He gives up £1500 a year. If, then, we may not approve his judgment, we must applaud his integrity.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES, ETC.

Mr. R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," &c., has in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, written an amusing, a more than amusing, paper about the first experiences of an exile on his return to England

after an absence of many years. Mr. Horne may well have been surprised at many of the things which befel him and at some of the things which he saw. His calico flap hat appears to have surprised the English public into low humour of various kinds; but, though the mode of dressing the hair now in vogue among our women seems to have startled him (as well it may), he was, of course, not provoked into any rudeness by it. The author of "Orion" did not "chivy" any young lady with a chignon—at least he does not confess to have done anything of the kind. Some of his surprises had infinite humour in them. But, if one may judge from this paper, he must have a touch of simplicity in him; and I always fancied he had a touch of Haydon. I have not read twenty lines of his writing, except his recent magazine papers. When I was a boy I remember seeing "Orion," price one farthing, stuck up for sale at Mann's, in Cornhill—was it not about the year in which the old Royal Exchange was burnt down, or is my memory wrong? Ah! Mr. Editor, that was a winter, and the ruins *was* a sight, that they were!—(please parse, ingenuous youth!) I remember seeing the water that had been pumped on to the building lying solid ice around the ruins next morning. However, to return to Mr. Horne. There is a matter on which I have felt curious to hear from him. How has he kept pace, or *has* he kept pace, while abroad, with the progress of literature at home? And how does our literature now strike him? I have a book which I bought about the time when "Orion" was sold for a farthing—a book, Sir, in which I was told that Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley and Mr. Alfred Tennyson were persons from whom something respectable in poetry might be looked for! Will not Mr. Horne give us a word upon the growth of our literature since he left England? In the meanwhile, I will read his "Orion." Can a man say fairer?

The *Cornhill*, excellent as usual, has papers on "Our Ironclad Navy," "Sheep-Shearing in New South Wales," the "Venetian Inquisition," and other matters. But, unluckily for me, these furnish no particularly suggestive points. "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" must puzzle some readers very much. On the strength of certain peculiarities in the writing, I should have had no hesitation whatever in naming the author; but then there are other matters which might well make one doubtful. At all events, there is plenty of power; but there is too much intricacy both of thought and construction, and the author constantly gives you the impression that he is going to the very verge of his knowledge and experience. Both these points confirm one in the first impression as to the authorship.

Macmillan opens an extremely fresh and pretty story, entitled "Patty." The wandering artist and the village beauty are well-worn figures; but in the hands of this writer they do not weary you. There is much moral dignity and some wisdom in "The Provisional Government and the French Nation," by M. Guizot. Of course the venerable statesman deeply regrets that a Constituent Assembly has not yet been called in France. He is of opinion that, while it might have smoothed the path to peace, such a step would in no way have slackened the work of national defence.

In *London Society* Mrs. E. Lynn Linton writes a paper, entitled "Souls in Mufti," which is much below that lady's high mark. The burden is the old familiar one, that in society you find the wit looks a dull person, the fierce leader-writer a mild fellow, the affectionate man a bear, the rising poet a passionless duffer, and so on. But is this true? Is it even plausible? I say no. Portraits and photographs have familiarised the eye of an immense public with the heads and faces of a whole gallery of distinguished persons. Let us run over a few of them, such as any student of books and shop-windows may carry in his memory:—Gladstone, Lowe, Disraeli, Derby (father and son), Tennyson, Browning, Huxley, Darwin, Dr. Newman, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Professor Seeley, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Macready, Helen Faucit (or Mrs. Theodore Martin), Mr. Martin (her husband), Thackeray, Bismarck, Landseer, Garibaldi, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Gambetta, Moltke, Princess Alice, Princess Louise, Duke of Argyll, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Livingstone, James Martineau, George Henry Lewes, George Eliot, F. Leighton, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, L. E. L., Chalmers, Irving, Captain Coles, Buckstone, Webster, Marie Wilton, J. L. Toole, Partridge (surgeon), Brunel, Biddler, Zorah Colburn, Joachim, Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Spenser, Locke, Herschell, Humboldt, Goethe, Jean Paul, Pascal, Bacon, Andersen, Jerrold, De Quincey—and, not to go on for ever, I stop. Of all these people's faces, and of scores more that could be named, I have in my mind vivid and complete images. Not one of them is commonplace; some of them are in the highest degree impressive. It is true, when we know the name we have the key; it is true, also, that I write as a cranioscopist as well as a physiognomist. But who will dare to say that the faces of Huxley and Darwin on one side, and Mendelssohn and Tennyson on the other, are not intensely characteristic? My experience differs from that of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. I have always found that in a company of intellectual people there is a certain "likeness" running round the room. The scientific man will have prominent brows in one sense, and the painter in another; while the poet or the novelist will differ from both; but the people whose whole appearance betrays their vocation and their gifts, I have never yet met. The harlequin who was advised to go and see himself? Yes; I know that story, and "Up, guards, and at 'em!" and "Gentlemen of England, fire first!" and all the tribe of what I may call paradox-myths; I have invented dozens of the like to embellish the page. But, do you believe 'em? If you do, then, as Cuvier said to a certain personage, "Your education has been neglected." On the particular topic before us I offer no counter-paradox, and have no space for an exhaustive explanation of what I do not hesitate to call a blunder quite unworthy of Mrs. Lynn Linton. While these last few lines have been running from my pen, I have had passing before me fresh galleries of faces and heads of distinguished men and women, and I assert that they all tell the same story.

Talking of education, here is an extract from a contemporary which illustrates the importance of punctuation:—

When it is remembered that there must be thousands of men, clothed and otherwise, in their right minds, who are at this moment hovering on the brink of proposals and of matrimony, it is not possible for us to limit the good your revelations may effect.

The printer must have made the error for a lark!

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE COVENT-GARDEN pantomime is neither better nor worse than usual this year. It is very grand, but very dull. All Covent-Garden pantomimes appear to me to be built on precisely the same model. They show much good scenery, some effective ballets, some admirable stage management, and the inevitable Paynes. No attempt is ever made to strike out an original idea. As far as the book is concerned, if Mr. Harris had revived any old pantomime and called it "The Sleeping Beauty," no one would have been much the wiser. Mr. Hawes Craven paints the same kind of scenes, the ballet dances the same kind of dances, and for a dozen years the Paynes have given us the same kind of fun. The stage at Covent Garden is too huge for a pantomime, and the house resembles a gigantic ice-well. There is no laughter in the theatre, the lamps burn blue, the utmost decorum prevails, and a congregation "sitting under" an evangelical clergyman on a cold Sunday evening could not be more lifeless than a Covent-Garden audience. In vain does Miss Julia Matthews introduce her wild humour and quaint liveliness. She is not at Covent Garden the same Julia Matthews as at the Gaiety. In vain does a clever little lady, Miss Nelly Smith, struggle for burlesque fame. They have the same effect upon the audience as a homoeopathic globule dropped into a pail of water. The pantomime deserves to be seen, because it has cost much money and is attractive from a scenic point of view. But I do not think it will amuse any one; and I take it that, as a rule, it is one's object to amuse children and make them laugh at Christmas time.

Mr. Farnie and Mr. Frank Musgrave have been working together a good deal this year. Their principal work will be found at the Adelphi and Princess's; their best work certainly at the Adelphi. At the PRINCESS'S Mrs. Howard Paul tries her hardest to make "Gil Blas" a success; but the task is one of enormous magnitude. The subject is not good, and Mr. Farnie cannot be congratulated on his treatment of it. Mrs. Howard Paul is an accomplished artist, and so is Mr. Lloyds; and all the merit to be found in "Gil Blas" must be awarded to one or the other. It is always a treat to hear Mrs. Howard Paul sing, for she sings as few burlesque ladies nowadays can sing. She has life, spirit, and a certain catching humour. The title rôle is, of course, all that could be desired. A pretty ballet, representing a Spanish bull-fight, arranged by Mr. Milano, is effective, and, as I have hinted, Mr. Lloyd's scenery is capital; but in an entertainment like "Gil Blas," something more is needed than one actress, one scenic artist, and one ballet. The burlesque, or whatever Mr. Farnie chooses to call his entertainment, is preceded by one of the inevitable Dickens Christmas dramas, which is about as unlike the Christmas story and as depressing as these Dickens plays usually are. I wish dramatic authors would leave Dickens alone. It is a cruel thing to take the popular author and tear him to pieces; and this is now constantly done.

THE ADELPHI burlesque or extravaganza, called "The Mistletoe Bough," by the same author, is better. At any rate it is lighter, livelier, and more amusing. It is not a work of high art, but it is worth seeing, as things go; and Miss Elise Holt and Mdlle. Debreux, if they do not possess refinement, cannot be accused of want of vivacity. They do their best, and this best is distinguished by unlimited confidence and irrepressible spirits. I think the little drama called "Smoke" well worth seeing. We have to go to the French stage, after all, for dramatic effect. This play is full of colour. It is well put together, and vigorously written. I can find little fault with the acting; and I can promise a treat to those who care to be in their seats at the strange hour of seven o'clock. Mr. Billington, having at last a chance, acts remarkably well; Mrs. Billington is always good; and Miss Furtado, for once, is not over-weighted. This trio deserves all praise; while Mr. Ashley and Mr. Stephenson shake off the stereotyped Adelphi leaven. I don't mind confessing that "I made a fool of myself" more than once; and the emotional chords were struck as much by the force of the acting as by the power of the sentiment in the play. The story of "Smoke" is one of low life; but since I saw "L'Homme l'est pas Parfait" in Paris, I have not met with anything so good in its way. I believe the origin of the new drama to be, "Il n'y a pas de Fumée sans Feu." On the same principle that "Q" in the *Athenaeum* calls Dr. Westland Marston the first of living comedy writers for adapting "Le Jeune Homme Pauvre" to the English stage, I suppose we must consider Mr. Benjamin Webster, jun., a priceless genius for introducing us to the work of a clever Frenchman.

The first and snow have given a death-blow to many theatres. The large pantomime houses have filled notwithstanding the weather, but I hear of impending ruin at many a small establishment. Still I hear of novelties. The first will be Mr. T. W. Robertson's "War," at the St. James's, a comedy long talked of and anticipated with much interest. Mr. Toole promises a new drama by Mr. H. J. Byron at the Gaiety, where "Aladdin" has been pruned into a capital success. The Court Theatre opens shortly with new work by Mr. Frank Marshall and W. S. Gilbert. The management has secured a first-rate company, and, if the work is good, the fortune of the theatre is made at once. I think it will require stronger attraction than a new comedieta by Miss Schiff to bring the public back to the Globe; and, no doubt, the programmes at the Holborn and Olympic will soon be changed. Managers generally look to Christmas to bring them back money to face the year with; and, as far as I can see, the year 1871 looks very ugly for hundreds in the theatrical profession.

SANITARY NEGLECT.—The thickly-populated mining town of Camborne, Cornwall, has for some time had an extraordinary death-rate, in consequence of the spread of fever, and the public schools have had to be closed, with a view to check contagion. Dr. Buchanan, a Government Inspector, has just issued his report concerning the sanitary condition of the town, which is represented as exceedingly bad, and calculated to spread any epidemic. Nuisances abound, overcrowding prevails, and, practically, there is no drainage. The water supply has been very bad and deficient, and it remains to be seen what result will be brought about by a private company. Dr. Buchanan insists that nothing will meet the wants of the town but the adoption of the Local Government Act, which has been strongly opposed by the bulk of the inhabitants.

LANDSLIP IN CORNWALL.—A landslip of an alarming character occurred at Megawsey on Tuesday morning, when a mass of rock, estimated at from 500 to 700 tons in weight, forming a portion of the road to the look-out station, suddenly gave way, and was precipitated to a depth of 50 ft. into the shipbuilding yard of Mr. W. D. Lelan, thereby preventing any ingress to or egress from the yard. Fortunately, the occurrence took place during the breakfast hour, when the workmen were absent, or fatal accidents must have inevitably been the result, as it had been proposed to work underneath the cliff from which the large mass fell. A fine row of houses, the property of Mr. Benjamin Roberts, builder, &c., and in the occupation of the coastguard authorities, is now placed in imminent danger of being toppled over should a similar casualty take place, as the site of these dwellings stands just above the cliff which gave way. The late frosty weather is supposed to have caused the landslip.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—On Thursday a meeting of this institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Richard Lewis, Esq., the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £358 were voted to the crews of various life-boats of the institution for going out on service during the recent storms; in many cases the life-boat men suffered severely from the intense cold. They were fortunately enabled last month to save 124 lives from different wrecks, besides helping to save four vessels from destruction. The silver medal of the institution and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum were voted to Mr. Henry Smith, boatswain of the ship Beethoven, of St. John, N.B., for his gallant conduct on the morning of Oct. 16, during a gale of wind and in a heavy sea, when he rendered most important service to vessel in distress. Several other rewards were also granted to the crews of different shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments to the amount of £3035 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. Several liberal contributions to the institution were announced as having been sent from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Mark-lane, and other places. It was, however, reported that the receipts of the society during the past year, owing to the war and other causes, had fallen short of its expenditure by upwards of £2000. Reports were read from the inspector and the assistant inspector of life-boats to the institution on their recent visits to the coasts. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Thomas Chapman, Esq., and to Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., for their able conduct in the chair at the meetings of the institution during the past year.

LEADING JOURNALS ON "PEACEMONGERS."—Several metropolitan journals which claim to occupy a leading position amongst newspapers, and which really exert much influence, either for good or for evil, have recently contained editorial articles headed "The Peacemongers," sneering at the efforts of those persons and associations who, amid the fearful horrors of a war which has created hundreds of widows and orphans in the course even of single hours of battle, have been raising their voices against the system which entails such horrors, even when carried on by Kings who make a high profession of Christianity, and who ascribe their sanguinary triumphs to the good hand of a special Providence. Of these journals one, the *Saturday Review*, is understood to be largely patronised by country clergymen; whilst the other, the *Spectator*, professes to be the exponent of a peculiarly high-toned and liberal Christianity. These, then, of all journals, deem it appropriate to ridicule pacific efforts, as if the highest religious Authority had never uttered the words "Blessed are the peacemakers." The word "mongers" has a somewhat deprecatory reference to pecuniary profit; but who are the parties that profit by war? Mainly some of the newspapers and the large class of military and naval expectants of office. It is almost entirely from these quarters that panic-cries of invasion, by foreigners exhausted by fighting, are being raised, and all manner of costly and useless schemes proposed for increasing the taxpayer's burdens, without adding to his security. But, on the other hand, peace and peace-making are in the true interest of the great mass of the people. And more, the discouragement of the spirit of war is emphatically approved by Him who said "Seek peace, and pursue it," and who, even under the Mosaic dispensation, prohibited King David from building the Temple, precisely because he was in so eminent a degree a warrior. But it appears that what the highest Authority recommends, some of our "high-toned" and "religious" journals ridicule.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MARSHAL PRIM.

The wounds inflicted on Marshal Prim have proved fatal, the unfortunate gentleman having died on the evening of the 30th ult. It appears that after the Session of the Cortes, which ended about half-past seven, General Prim entered his carriage with his two aides-de-camp, Naudin and Morja, and drove off through the Calle Turcos, which is exceedingly narrow, towards his house. At the end of the Calle Turcos, where it emerges into the Calle Alcalá, the passage was obstructed by two cabs. Prim's coachman was obliged to stop before the obstruction, which appeared casual, but was not, for the next moment some men got out of both cabs and fired into each window of the carriage, and then made off. The General and one of his aides-de-camp were severely wounded. Prim behaved with great coolness. By whipping his horses furiously the coachman managed to make a way by upsetting one of the cabs, and in less than two minutes they reached the Ministry of War, the General's residence. The General mounted the staircase with great sangfroid, supporting himself by holding the balustrades with his wounded right hand, leaving spots of blood behind him as he went. On meeting the Condesa de Reus he remarked quietly to her that he was slightly wounded. Her anxiety may be imagined, for she is a most devoted wife, and has constant presentiments of some fatality to her husband.

The Aide-de-Camp Naudin had his right hand completely destroyed, yet, hiding the injury in his handkerchief, he did not tell anyone or leave the General till he saw him in bed, with the Countess by his side. He then went into another apartment, and it was only when he was asked by an officer there whether he was hurt that he exposed his hand.

The Regent, who lives in the same street (Alcalá), was the first to arrive at the bedside of the wounded General. He was quickly followed by all the Ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, and public men of all parties. A Council was immediately held, at which many of the leading Cortes deputies were present, under the presidency of the Regent, to consider what was best to be done under the fact that the Duke of Aosta had already left for Cartagena, and the certainty that General Prim (who was to have gone down to meet him) would be unable to attend to public business for some time. All eyes turned to Topete, and pointed him out as the most suitable person to assume the presidency of the Council, and to go down



THE LATE MARSHAL PRIM.

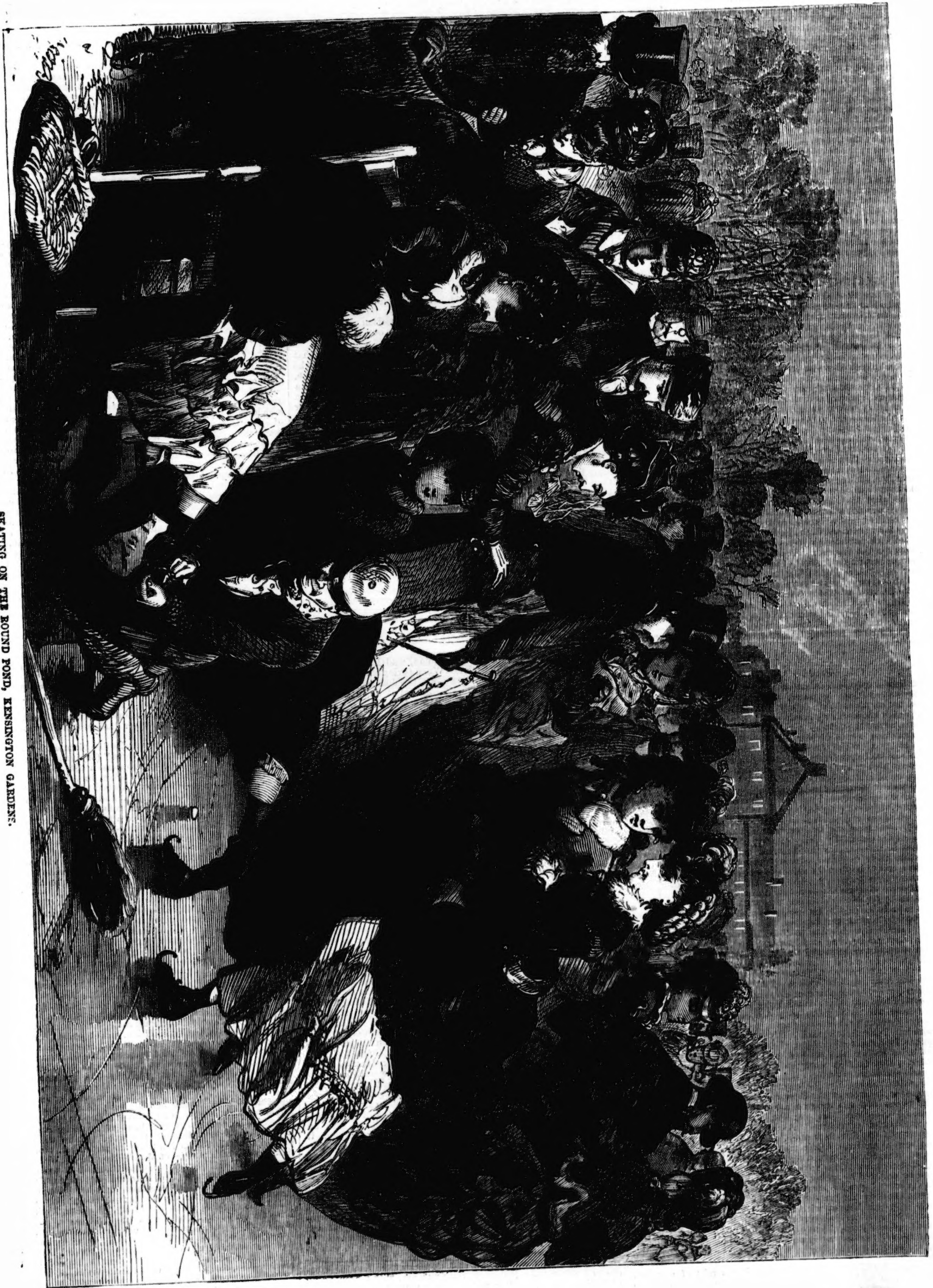
and receive the King. Naturally, Topete hesitated. He said he would unconditionally lend his services to meet any danger, but he felt scruples of dignity about going to receive the King, as it might be construed into want of consistency with the course he had always advocated. Under the urgency of the moment, however, the noble-hearted sailor seemed puzzled how to act. He desired to be true to his compromises, and yet to do whatever he could for the safety of the country. Finally, he said he would be governed by the advice of those of his friends who were present, who like himself had consistently upheld the claims of the Duke of Montpensier. With a patriotism worthy of all praise, Rios Rosa said he thought he ought to accede to the unanimous wish. Others of the same party spoke in the same sense, and the result was that Topete said he was at the disposition of his companions to do whatever they wished. He accepted the Presidency of the Council, the Ministry of War, and the Ministry of State. Sagasta takes Gobernacion, and Ayala Ultramar; Montero Rios, Beranger, and Moret retain Justice, Marine, and Finance respectively.

Mr. Layard was the first of the Diplomatic Corps to arrive at the residence of General Prim. General Sickles followed him shortly after.

Marshal Prim was born on Dec. 5, 1814, at Reus, in the province of Catalonia. He was the son of an officer, and devoted himself during the early years of his life to the study of law; but when the civil war broke out in 1834 he espoused the cause of Queen Christina, and rose rapidly to the rank of Colonel. In politics the young soldier joined the Progressista party, and took an active part in their opposition to the regency of Espartero. When the insurrection of Barcelona took place, in 1842, Prim fell under suspicion. He escaped imprisonment by a hasty flight to France, but returned shortly afterwards, as his election as deputy of Barcelona protected him against further proceedings. In the spring of 1843 he raised the standard of insurrection in his native town of Reus, and headed an expedition against Barcelona. Thereupon the new Administration raised him to the rank of General, made him Count of Reus, and appointed him to the Governorship of Madrid. Subsequently he joined the opposition against the Narvaez Ministry, and in consequence was imprisoned in October, 1844, and was accused of conspiracy and of an attempt to assassinate Narvaez. The court-martial by which he was tried only condemned him to six



SCENE FROM "LITTLE GIL BLAS," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.



SEATING ON THE ROUND POND, KENSINGTON GARDENS.

years' imprisonment, and in the following year he received a full pardon from the Queen. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Governor-General of the island of Porto Rico, but was recalled in 1848. On his return he took an active part as one of the leaders of the Progressista party in the Chamber of Deputies, and was banished in consequence, in April, 1853, to France. In the autumn of this year the war broke out between Russia and Turkey, and Prim went to the Danube, and took part in the military operations of the Turkish forces under Omar Pacha. Upon his return to Spain he again devoted himself to Parliamentary life, and in 1858 was nominated a member of the Senate. When the Spanish Government, in October, 1861, entered on a convention with England and France for a common intervention in Mexico, Prim was intrusted with the supreme command of the Spanish expeditionary force, and landed, in January, 1862, at Vera Cruz, which port had already been occupied by the Spanish squadron. Spain and England refused, however, to support the French policy of annexation; and, after the conference at Orizaba, the allied commanders refused to act together. Upon his own responsibility, Prim resolved to leave Mexico, and caused his troops to be re-embarked at Vera Cruz four months after their landing. His conduct in this matter was sanctioned by the Spanish Government, and was supported by the Cortes, after Prim had justified his proceedings by a speech in the Senate which occupied three days in delivery. In September, 1867, an abortive attempt, in which Prim was concerned, was made to effect a landing on the coast of Spain. After this failure Prim continued to reside in London until the summer of 1868, when the banishment of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier showed that the Government of Queen Isabella was tottering to its fall. General Prim then returned to his native land, and placed himself at the head of the revolution. On Sept. 26 Prim appeared with a fleet before Cartagena, which declared in favour of the insurrection. His subsequent history is familiar to every newspaper reader.

SKATING ON THE ROUND POND.

WHAT a fine time skaters have had of it during the recent holidays! Hard frost, good ice, and plenty of time to enjoy their favourite outdoor pastime! The conjunction of the frost and the holidays was a lucky thing for lovers of skating, albeit their pleasure was a little marred by the occurrence of accidents, especially that sad one at Bearwood. But skaters are not easily frightened, and so, mishaps notwithstanding, they crowded in great numbers to the several pieces of water in and around the metropolis, even before the ice was quite safe. This week, however, little danger was to be apprehended; the ice was from four to five inches thick, generally sound, and thoroughly "bearing." On Monday, during the day, it was computed that 80,000 skaters and sliders were on the ice in the parks—the Serpentine having the largest company; but St. James's, Regent's Park, the Round Pond at Kensington, and the waters in the other parks, were all well attended. Great numbers have also, for several days visited the Welsh Harp, at Hendon, in order to skate upon the reservoir there, the ice on which was in good order even so early as Boxing Day. At night, too, skating by torchlight has been going on vigorously, several thousands of persons being present. Slight signs of thaw, with the wind from the south, showed themselves on Tuesday; but the ice was not at all affected. The river Thames is now completely blocked up with ice, and below bridge the greatest difficulty is experienced in towing the large vessels into the docks. The Woolwich packets have ceased running. The river on Monday, between the Windsor "Goswells" and the Eton "Brocas," was covered with a thick sheet of ice for about 150 yards. A large number of skaters and sliders assembled, while many persons crossed the stream for the sake of the novelty. It is some time since the Thames was frozen over at this spot.

Our engraving shows the scene witnessed on Monday on the most select of the London skating-grounds—the Round Pond at Kensington, where fashionable gentlemen and elegantly-dressed ladies disported themselves, comparatively free from the intrusion of the "ruder sort."

THE PRUSSIAN CAVALRY.

THE district corps organisation applies to cavalry, as well as infantry and artillery, in peace, though it has to be modified, because not all districts are equally full of horses and horsemen. As each man knows his regiment and his corps, which are always near him, so are the country horses told off to regiments, which can claim them in case of war. It does not follow that they are always claimed. When time permits, horses are bought in foreign countries as well as in Germany. Only in case of need animals enough are always available, their price being assessed by a mixed commission of military and civilians.

Exclusive of guards, the Saxon cavalry, and the South Germans, of whose numbers I am not quite certain, there are sixty regiments of cavalry belonging to the German Confederation. Eight of these regiments are cuirassiers, sixteen uhlans (or lancers), seventeen are hussars, and nineteen dragoons. The cuirassiers are essentially heavy cavalry, and actually wear their cuirasses in war—unlike the Austrian cuirassiers, in 1866, who laid aside their defensive armour during the campaign. The opinion seems to be that the cuirasses are useful, and it is certain that many lives have been saved by them during the campaign. For offensive weapons the cuirassier has a sword and pistol; but the necessity for better firearms has been gradually recognised, and it is probable that in future all German cavalry will be armed with breech-loading carbines, or with revolvers of considerable range, furnished with butts, so that the weapons can be used as pistols when the men are on horseback, and turned into carbines if they dismount and fight on foot.

All lancers are called uhlans, after their Polish originals. They are heavy cavalry, and, though not quite so heavy as the cuirassiers, may fairly be spoken of as "big men on big horses." A uhlans carries, besides his lance, a sword and pistol. With lance cap, copied like our own from the Poles, worn jauntily on one side of his head, the uhlans rides, with one companion at least, over the enemy's country, sometimes many miles in front of the army to which he belongs, advances boldly into villages or farm-houses, demands food and forage from the trembling inhabitants, gets what news he can, and sends it back, if important, to his commander. But in this work he is not the sole actor; for the dragoons and hussars perform similar duties, and come somehow to be called uhlans by the country people, whose minds are oppressed with terror of the German cavalry soldiers.

The hussar and the dragoon are counted as light cavalry, and are armed with sword and carbine, the latter a breech-loader with zundnadel apparatus. As a proof of the long-denied superiority of the French weapon, and as a mark of the growing importance of firearms, fifteen men per squadron in many of the German hussar and dragoon regiments have been supplied with Chassepot carbines taken from the French, so that they will no longer be annoyed by seeing the enemy taking cool shots at them from distances beyond their own effective fire. The hussar may be recognised by his fur cap, the uhlans by his lancer cap, the cuirassier by his helmet with cuirass, and the dragoon by his helmet without defensive armour. These helmets sit down well on the head, and form a steady and comfortable covering, stiff and strong enough to cause many a sword stroke to glance off, though they are easily penetrated by bullets, and even by clean sheer sabre cuts.

An army in the field is kept surrounded by a mist of mounted men, through which no spies can penetrate without extreme danger, nor can the enemy obtain information, except by making a reconnaissance in force. The moment a body of Frenchmen is seen advancing, signals are made by the most advanced of the horsemen, and the news flies back rapidly to the General, who makes his dispositions to meet the coming danger. Under such well-regulated instructions as are given to the Prussians no sudden attack upon them ought to be possible, and the King may well

have said, as he is reported to have done when he heard of young Garibaldi's exploit, "Germans have no business to be surprised."

At the outset of the campaign, when France had suddenly declared war, the Prussian cavalry were brought into requisition at once. It will be remembered that there was much wonder in England because the French seemed unable to know what their enemy was about. The reason was simple. Ten thousand cavalry were sent at once to the frontier, and their perfect power of keeping watch was the first symptom of the superiority of the Prussian system. Every avenue of ingress or egress was watched, and not a dog could cross the frontier but uhlans, dragoon, or hussar had his eyes upon him. These men carry a light equipment, no heavy sheepskin or valise. They wear long boots, and carry in wallets a pair of shoes and the few things which are really necessary. A light shabracque goes over the horse's back. No rider in England needs to be told that living weight is easy to be carried by a horse; it is the dead load ever present that kills. When the men come in from a long march their first care is for their horses, and only when these are rubbed down and fed, when feet have been examined, and the few galls ever found attended to, does the Prussian soldier seek his billet, pull off his long muddy boots, and with shoe-shod easy feet stretch his limbs before the warm fire he loves so well when he can find it, eat his meal when there is one, and surround himself with clouds of tobacco-smoke more comforting to him even than food. The most cruel punishment to a German soldier would be to take away his pipe or cigar, and the gift of a piece of tobacco when it is scarce is the direct road to his heart.

In time of peace the horses for the Prussian cavalry are bought as unbroken three-year-olds, and sent to the re-mount depôts, where they remain until the autumn of the year in which they become five years old. At that age they are sent to their regiments, handled and broken during the winter. They are therefore six years old when they are put into the ranks, and have had no chance of being overworked or made vicious by ill-treatment. But when the army is to be put on a war footing, no less than 100,000 horses are required in addition. Then the Government falls back on the animals already noted and told off to regiments, but belonging to farmers throughout the country, their prices being fairly assessed and paid. Other horses, but none raw and untrained, are bought by contract. The perfection of the system is shown by the enormous force of cavalry on strong, healthy animals put into the field for this campaign.

Another peculiar feature of the Prussian cavalry system is that it admits of no dismounted men. Every soldier who wears the chapka of a uhlans or the helmet of a dragoon has his own horse, and is available for outpost duties or the shock of a charge. If a horse is lost, another is immediately supplied, or at least as soon as may be. If a man dies or falls sick, his horse, if not inferior to any in the regiment, is given to one of the men who has hitherto been mounted on one less fit for active cavalry work, and in any case the superfluous animal is handed over to the Etappen Department for work on the lines of road communications. No man has less than one horse to clean and tend, and no one has more than one, except temporarily. It is difficult to know why some English cavalry officers think it necessary to have more men than horses. Surely, no one who knows the complete efficiency in which an artillery driver keeps his pair of horses and double set of harness can doubt the power of English cavalry to do as much for one horse with its appointments and a second occasionally. Certainly, the Germans succeed in performing this not too difficult task, and the result is that they are never hampered by a set of dismounted dragoons as much out of place as swans on a gravel walk. Indeed, dismounted men would be nowhere in a Prussian army, for a march of forty miles is no uncommon event, and their movements along the roads are made about half the time at a foot's pace, the other at a trot. I have said that the dead weight on the cavalry horses is reduced as much as it can be, but the man himself takes care to be as little like a dead weight as possible. In all marches and manoeuvres the cavalry soldiers rise in their stirrups; it is only on show parades that they are subjected to the bumping process, which must surely be an acquired taste among those who admire it.

The cavalry recruits join in the autumn, and have riding and foot drills throughout the winter. When spring softens the earth and the weather admits of outdoor work, the men are formed into squadrons, and drilled accordingly. Need it be said that the squadron is considered the unit, not the troop? Later in the year the squadrons are put together into regiments, and then there are the manoeuvres when the cavalry work by brigades and learn outpost duties. The corps which are called out each year have their cavalry in divisions, exactly as in war, and practise everything that must be performed before the enemy. Thus, officers, men, and horses are taught to be ready for the moment when their services will be required. The drills of all kinds are not only supervised by officers, but are entirely carried out by them. There is no such thing as leaving business of this kind to sergeants or sergeant-majors. The men learn everything immediately from their officers, and respect them the more on that account.

But, it may be said, "How do the officers like this perpetual drilling and teaching? How can anyone enter the service under such conditions?" The answer is, that the officers are all men of cultivated intellect, who regard the military service of their country as the most honourable profession possible to them, and who, being encouraged to study the higher branches of the art of war, do not consider drill as an end, but merely as a means by which their men must be prepared to execute the work which the officers shall hereafter call on them to perform. It is not those best acquainted with strategy, tactics, organisation, and administration of armies who are indifferent to details, but precisely the opposite class, men who, knowing nothing higher, are weary of their lives by reason of the monotony of their duties. Then it must be remembered that no interest and even no intellect can admit into the service anyone who is not accepted by the free vote of the officers composing the regimental society into which the candidate aspires to enter. His intellectual abilities are thoroughly tested, and he must be chosen as a comrade by ballot. Something more remains behind. Promotion from the junior ranks is made by selection absolutely without favouritism. Commands of regiments, and even frequently of squadrons, are considered as staff appointments. Colonel Wright, an Englishman on the staff of Prince Frederick Charles, and a man of whom we may well be proud, gave in conversation, as one of the chief differences between the Prussian and French armies, this striking reason for the success which has astonished the world:—"The Prussian officers, from highest to lowest, are so thoroughly educated in the theory and practice of their profession that it is never necessary to do more than give an order. There is no need to explain or to ask whether it was properly carried out. It is sure to have been performed with intelligence. The peace manoeuvres must have much in them that is unlike real war—perhaps even impossible; but they are at least useful so far as this—if the youngest subaltern is told to protect the flank in a movement, he knows what the order means and how to carry it out. The French army at present may make a successful movement to-day by careful plans and elaborate explanations. It cannot follow up the success tomorrow because the officers are not sufficiently intelligent and instructed to comprehend a short order given by word of mouth."

The Prussian military system admits of few officers in proportion to the men, but it lays great responsibility on every individual who bears a commission, and demands from him the exercise of a cultivated intelligence. Such men are, with reason, proud of their position. They feel they are trusted, and that their country's weal or woe may depend on their energy or clearness of head. They look to the service for their future position, knowing that talent and energy are sure of success.—*Military Correspondent of the "Times."*

ISAAC BOSWORTH, the guard of a goods-train that arrived at Wellingborough on Monday morning, was found frozen to death in his van.

FINE ARTS.

BURLINGTON HOUSE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF OLD MASTERS.

ONCE more the Gallery of the Royal Academy is open with an exhibition which will certainly be one of the first attractions of the new year. Even during the present intensely cold weather one can scarcely be more agreeably occupied for the brighter hours of the day than in leisurely studying the collection of magnificent pictures that are now placed in those spacious, quiet, and temperately-warmed rooms. In some respects, too, the present exhibition is superior to the last, since the paintings are more susceptible of classification, though they are not classified in the gallery, and there are many gems by the same artists; so that the student is enabled to note those variations in style which are always suggestive. Both from the student's point of view and from that of the art-loving, or even the idly-admiring public, the loan of such a large number of the finest paintings in the world must be regarded as a great benefit; while the wide appreciation of such a winter exhibition is evidenced, not only by the fact of its being repeated by the Royal Academicians, but by the figures which represent the immense number of visitors who took advantage of the former opportunity afforded them of becoming acquainted with the historical works of old masters to which access cannot ordinarily be obtained.

The present collection occupies six galleries and the lecture-room at Burlington House; and though, as we have said, no special classification seems to have been attempted, the works are hung so completely within the line of sight that each visitor may, without much difficulty, select for himself, beginning, let us say, with the catalogue, and so making a fair start with Adrian Ostade's "Boors Playing at Nine Pins," a small finely-finished picture, lent by George Field, Esq. There are no other works of this artist until we reach the third gallery, where his "Boors Playing at Tric Trac" (133), lent by the Marquis of Bute, is another fine example of his style. In the fourth room an entirely different picture by the same artist may be seen in "Still-Life" (183), a remarkable example of what may be done with a common subject (a few fish lying in a kitchen near the stove and the pump) by exquisite finish and colour in every minute detail. No. 203, in the same room, is his "Boors Smoking and Drinking," which, with 212, "Road Through a Dutch Village," has been lent by Lord Ashburton. The latter picture is a marvel of minute handling and finished beauty, as may be judged from the fact that it is but a foot square and contains several figures (no larger than cribbage pegs) on their way through the village suburb.

Of the Teniers' pictures there are some fine examples, but they are scattered in various places through the gallery—a disposition which leads the visitor to regret that in respect to the proximity of paintings of the same period a little more care had not been taken. This feeling is increased by the remarkable mingling of landscapes—Morlands, Gainsboroughs, Constables, Hobbemas, Old Cromes, and Lorraines—which are placed together not only on the walls, but in the catalogue; the latter being furnished with no marginal dates to enable the unlearned visitor to assign any picture to its proper period. Each room, therefore, is a separate detached collection, having no special reference to the rest, though works of some painters are scattered through the entire gallery. In No. 1 the landscapes already alluded to are the great attraction. Constable's "Arundel Mill" (4), and his exquisite bit of woodland and water, called the "Hay Wain," which was exhibited at Paris in 1826, offer a charming variety with his "Hamstead Heath" (51), a wonderful little picture. "The Old Oak Tree" (7) and "Brathay Bridge, Cumberland" (45) are both fine examples of Old Crome, the former remarkable for vigour of wood. A landscape, with figures and groups of cattle, by Nicholas Berghem; and a fine morning scene, by Lorraine, are also noticeable. The three Morlands in this room are finely suggestive—"Feeding the Pigs" (26), "Sporting," "First of September," remarkable for the exquisite russet glow in the autumn woods; and a "Portrait of a Lady" (25)—all of them lent by the Rev. John Abbes. We must notice, also, the exquisite landscape (32), by Gainsborough, a picture full of light, and with such fine perspective that it is a great study in itself.

Jacob Ruysdael and Philip Wouwermans also have a place here; while among several admirable portraits is that of Dr. Johnson, by Gainsborough—a picture which somehow reminds one of the story related (was it by Leigh Hunt?) that an old man who as a boy knew the great lexicographer had protested that he had a weak and rather squeaky voice.

In Room No. 2 Jacob Ruysdael's fine picture of "The Miller Opening the Sluices after a Wet Night" (56) is a good companion to the "Water-Mill" (64), by the same artist. Here, too, is the celebrated Titian "The Woman taken in Adultery" (63), and three great Murillos—"Christ Crowned with Thorns" (65), the "St. John with the Lamb" (79), and "A Magdalen" (82), all exquisite in their marvellous flesh tints. Canaletto's "Boat-Race on the Grand Canal" (67) is also a feature of the room; and a fine picture by William Vandervelde—"Vessels Becalmed" (76)—might suggest to some modern painters how to handle water and light. Here, too, is a fine forest scene by Minderhout Hobbema, with figures by John Lingelbach; and another Morland, full of character, entitled "A Call at the Red Lion," and representing a farmer-like horseman at the door of a very humble roadside hostelry.

The third room is at once distinguished by Gainsborough's "Cottage Door" (104), lent by the Marquis of Westminster, and by Titian's celebrated portrait of his daughter (108). Two wonderful pictures, "A Woman and Child, with Groups of Fruit" (109), by Rubens and Snyders, and the grand "Wolf-Hunt" of Rubens alone are great attractions. Here, also, is another fine piece by Ruysdael representing a seacoast with fishing-boats and figures (117), and two exquisite gems by Watteau—a garden scene (129) and a fête champêtre (130), which might have been painted for designs for fans, so high are they in beauty and finish. A young girl, just hiding half her face on a pillow, is a remarkable example of those works which made Greuze famous. There are some wonderful portraits in this room by Bassano, Vandyke, Titian, and Reynolds, and an extraordinarily finished and "speaking" picture, the portrait of a lady, by Nicholas Maes, in which the fan and the lace of the dress are marvels of elaboration, while the face is painted with the intensity of Holbein, one of whose pictures—the portrait of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk—is in the same room.

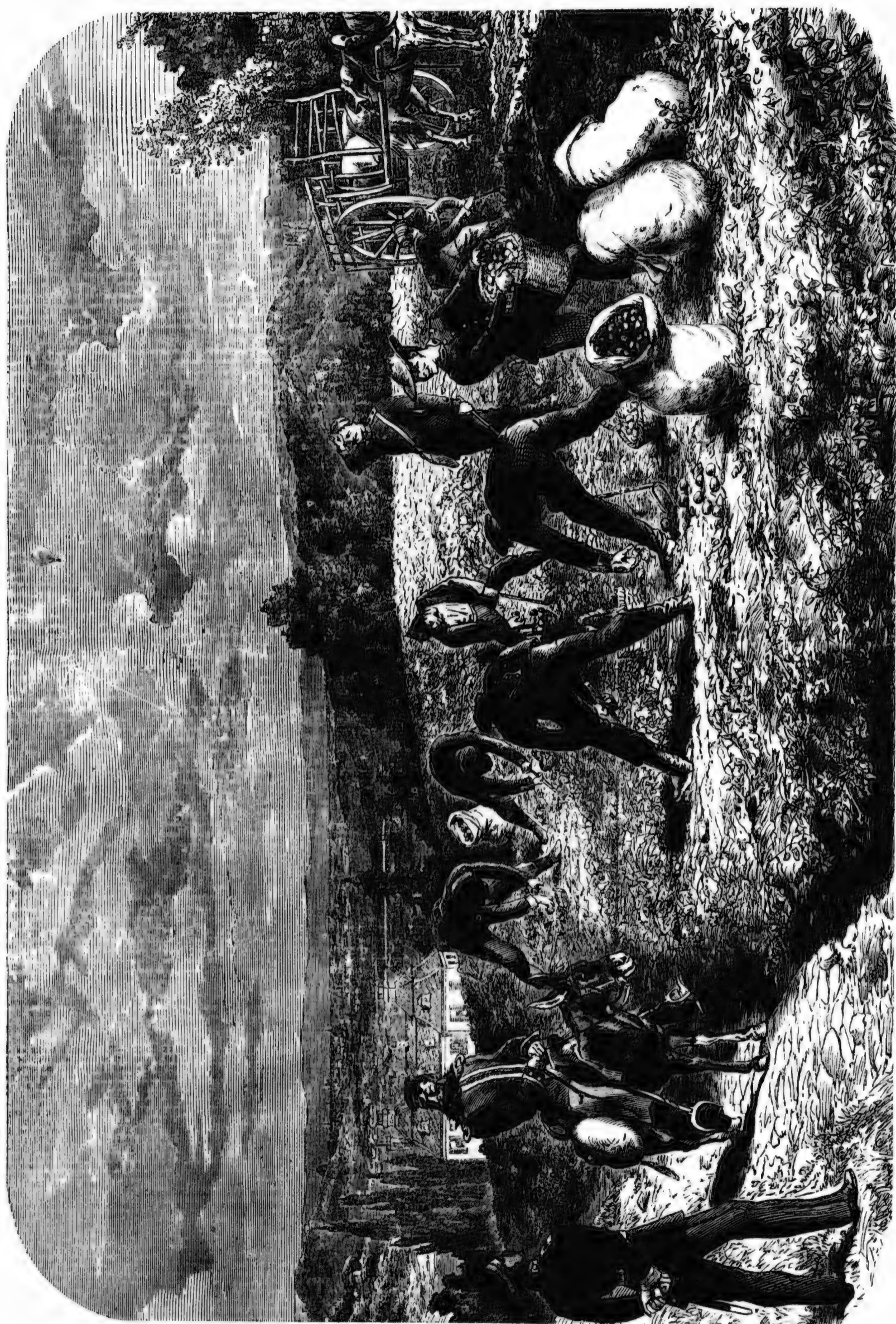
In the fourth room we begin with an interior by Jan Steen, and a picture each by Teniers and his son; a landscape by Lorraine, full of tender colour; and a quaint "Il Reposo," a rural scene by Domenichino. Perhaps the most remarkable landscape here is Hobbema's road through the wood, where the marvellous rendering of the foliage is a thing to remember, along with the liquid rush and tumble of Jacob Ruysdael's Waterfall (171). The finest Gerard Dow of the exhibition is here too—a Capuchin monk at his devotions (178), extraordinary for the finish and expression in every detail. Another girl's head by Greuze, a fine street scene by Peter de Hooze; a quaint bit of painting called "A philosopher in his Study," by Van Eyck; Salvator Rosa's "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," a Virgin and Child by Vandyke, a grand dark classic landscape by Poussin, and two fine sea-pieces by Vandervelde, are the more prominent pictures in this section; but there are several Teniers, another Jan Steen, representing a game at skittles, two of Paul Potter's cattle pieces, and a fine picture of swine by Karel Dujardin.

The fifth room may be said to commence with Hogarth's well-known picture, "The Distressed Poet" (228). There are also two splendid paintings by Canaletto, one of which, "The Procession of the Doge from the Church to the Adriatic," is full of colour and motion. A very remarkable picture is exhibited in this room, the work of Joseph Wright, known as "Wright of Derby," and representing a blacksmith's forge, with the glare of red-hot iron and furnace shining on the faces of a group of women and children. Here, too, is Zoffany's celebrated picture of Dr. William Hunter lecturing on anatomy to the members of the Royal Academy.

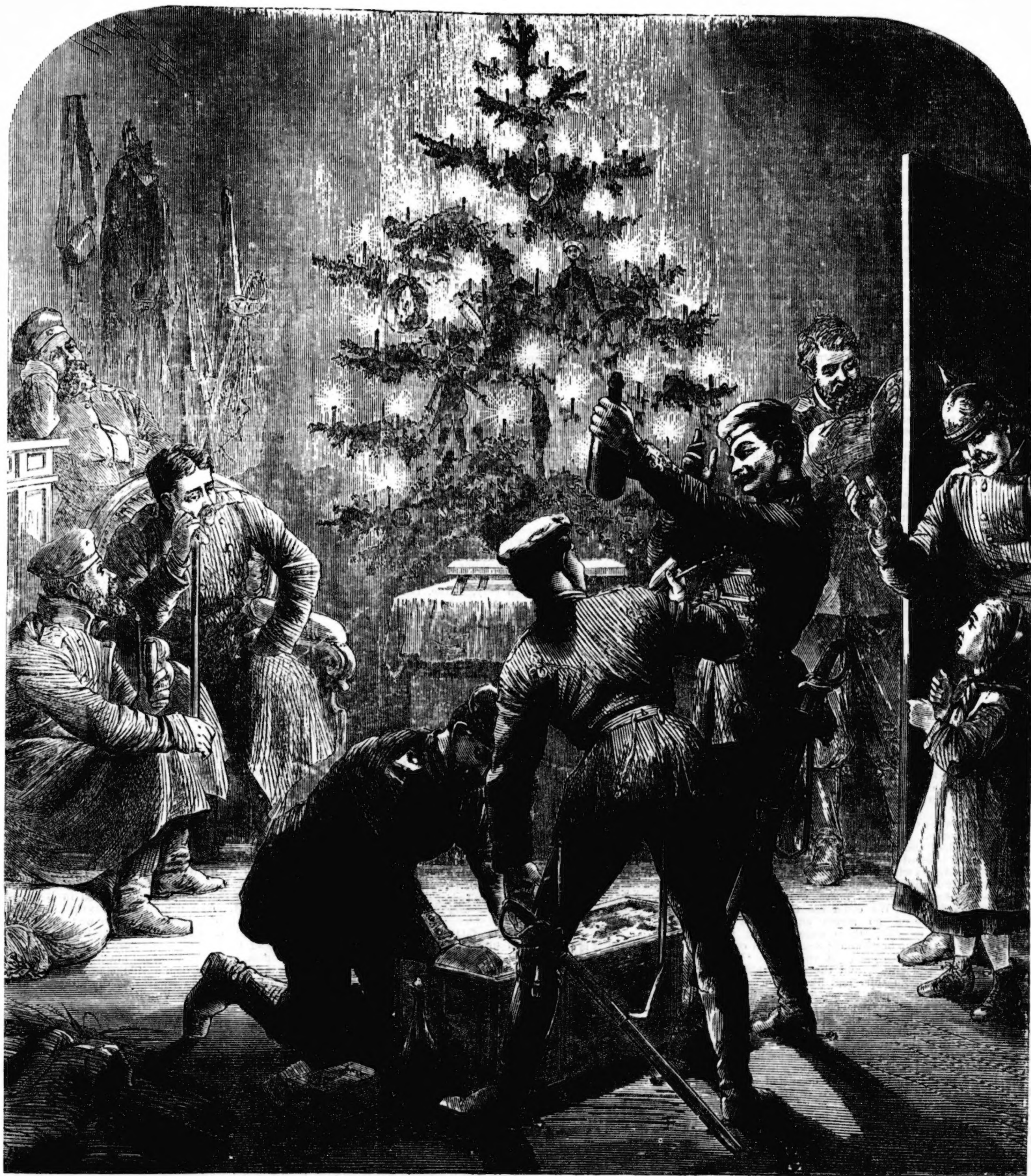
MR. THOMAS CARLYLE ON VERSE-WRITING.—A characteristic protest against the writing of verse is to be found in a letter from Mr. Carlyle to Mr. W. C. Bennett, LL.D., in which the latter gentleman has printed in a collection of "testimonials" a notice to further his application for the secretaryship of the London School Board. "Your name hitherto," says Mr. Carlyle, "is known to me chiefly as associated with verse. It is one of my personal regrets in this generation, that men to whom the gods have given a genius [which means a light of intelligence, of courage, and all manifold, or else means nothing] will insist, in such an earnest time as ours has grown, in bringing out their divine gift in the shape of verse, which now no man reads entirely in earnest. That a man has to bring out his gift in words of any kind, and not in silent divine actions, which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him; but that he should select verse, with its half credibilities and other such accompaniments, when he might have prose and be wholly credible, is a great evil. I desired it—this I lay at the door of our spiritual teachers (and not mostly, and speaking an obsolete dialect), who thereby ineluctably rot the world, making him who might have been a soldier and fighter, and a terribly wanted just at present), a mere preacher and idle singer. This is a fixed perception of mine, growing ever more fixed these many years; and I offer it to you, as I have done to many others in the like case, not much hoping that you will believe in it all at once. But, certainly, a good, wise, earnest piece in prose from you would please me better than the musicallest verse could." This was written to Mr. Bennett, some years ago, in acknowledgment of a letter and sonnet which he had sent to Mr. Carlyle.

Messrs. Bell and Daldy do not seem to affect particularly the juvenile school of literature. They send us but a few volumes, but every one is good of its kind. Especially good is "Waits and Strays of Natural History," by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (likewise well known, perhaps better known, as "Aunt Judy," and beloved of youth under any name)—a nice little volume, in which the author discourses of the origin and nature of coral, of gum arabic, of beavers and their wondrous ways, of blue snail shells, of zoophytes, of ostracods, of sponges, of the red-snow plant, of microscopic objects, and of other cognate matters; and of all she discourses wisely and well. The volume is illustrated, but not profusely; and, as becomes its character, aims at being useful rather than merely ornamental, and most successfully accomplishes its aim. The author does not exactly tell us so; but from hints she drops, and from internal evidence, we conclude these papers to be reprints of magazine articles; but that fact does not in the least detract from their usefulness and interest.—"Deborah's Drawer," by Eleanor Grace O'Reilly, author of

These noble services of the life-boats have varied much in character; many have been during the dark hours of night, others have been by day; but the same glorious result has in nearly every instance followed them—the salvation of imperilled men from a watery grave. It is also a providential fact, and deserving of special record and acknowledgment, that, notwithstanding the life-boats of the institution have been manned on all occasions during the past two years by between 12,000 and



GERMAN SOLDIERS DIGGING POTATOES NEAR PARIS.



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS IN THE GERMAN CAMP BEFORE PARIS: SUPPLIES FROM FATHERLAND.

CHRISTMAS IN THE GERMAN CAMP BEFORE PARIS.

ALTHOUGH it must have been done under considerable difficulties, the German troops before Paris appear by all accounts to have managed to be tolerably jolly at Christmas. Boxes and hampers came from Fatherland, and were opened with much interest, which verged into positive enthusiasm when wine, and beer, and cigars—and, of course, sausages were disinterred. Such a scene is depicted in our Engraving, which—But perhaps we shall best describe Christmas in the camp before Paris by making an extract from the letter of the *Daily News* correspondent at the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Saxony, who thus gives his experiences:—

"Where shall we dine?" Not at Bibra's, that is certain. Not at the hostelry where we are diurnally informed that we can wash down the roast beef of old England, &c. Not at the well-known haunt where tripe and onions form the great attraction; nor at that other place off Fleet-street where William is continually shouting to the cook the mysterious phrase, 'Rotherum steak!' I know where I should like to dine; but the obstinate Parisians come between one and 'the old folks at home,' and the young ones as well. I need not complain of want of Christmas invitations; it is in their very number that the bewilderment lies. With the fear of being assailed as a Jenkins before my eyes, of being cynically accused of flunkeyism, I refrain from an allusion to the nature of one invitation. Then there is that kindly one from compatriots in Versailles. Good old Dr. Tegener, of the Econen Hospital, has sent round another with a postscript to the note in the shape of the single word 'Punch.' Some merry lads in Epinay wish me to go down there, and be jovial under the shadow of La Briche—a battery of artillery would be glad of my company—at least, they say so at Napoleon-St.-Léon; a battalion of Wurtembergers in Champs half booked me more than a fortnight ago; and the list ends with the genial and cordial invitation of good Major von Schönberg and his officers of the second battalion of the 103rd Saxon regiment. To-night is the battalion's turn for duty on certain far outlying foreposts, the locality of which I need not particularise. The officers are right hearty fellows; then there is

Frau Majorin's Bairish beer (per Feldpost). Yes, I say done and done again with the Major.

"It is a long weary stretch from Gonesse to Aulnay. There is no intervening village, and not a single house by the wayside. There used to be two straw-stacks, but they have been burnt down by French shells. I have seen during this campaign not a little of the visible effect of close shell fire, but I never have seen anything to equal the frequency of the vestiges left on this track by the almost continuous bombardment of the last three days. In one small plot behind a battery emplacement I counted twenty-one shell-holes; yet the solid earthworks were wonderfully little dilapidated. If they had been of stone they must simply have been knocked to pieces; and nobody who has seen shells exploding among stone works requires to be told how the splinters of iron become multiplied over and over again by the splinters of stone. It was a curious proof of that masterly consciousness of ability to concentrate, and absence of fussy demonstration on the part of the Germans, that not a single soldier nor a single gun was visible on this expanse, on which the day before there stood an army. The men were in the villages on the alert, it is true, and ready for action at a moment's notice; but they were not needlessly brought from under cover.

"I arrive at the château, and put up my horse there, going out in advance to the foreposts before the day fades. As I reach the garden opening into the forest a discouraging sight meets the eye. Four soldiers are carrying on their shoulders a motionless form, lying on a stretcher and covered with a bloody blanket. 'Wounded?' The solemn 'Dead!' comes from the mouth of the accompanying under officer. It is a corpse they are carrying up into the village. This was Private Jeskow's last Christmas morning. He was making his coffee in a house behind Outpost No. 8, when a shell burst under the window. His sergeant told him he was in dangerous quarters, but the coffee was near the boil. Before it boiled another shell had come and burst in the room; a fragment struck Jeskow in the back, and killed him.

"Forward down a slope through a solitary wood of dense under-wood mingled with goodly trees. On the pathway are numerous craters of shells. There is a little rise, and then I emerge on to a

belt of heathy clearing in the wood. Everywhere the wood has been full of barricades, of chevaux de frise of all kinds of appliances for arresting an enemy. On this cleared belt are works of greater pretensions—parallels, intrenchments, strong stockades, trenches, enfiladed approaches, and what not. A few soldiers are visible about it. There are more among the huts to the right. Five minutes brings one across the clearing into more scrub, and then into a village of châteaux nestling in the woods. On the cross-roads in the centre of this collection of villages I meet the officers in command of the two battalions waiting to be relieved. The men are massed behind the walls. They are sauntering up and down on the exposed road.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, here comes the 103rd. There is the Major in front talking earnestly with the field-officer he is going to relieve. Here comes Hammerstein, unrecognisable by reason of wraps, and only to be discerned and greeted by his voice. He has got on a pair of fur boots, that seem a legacy from an Esquimaux, and here is his big brother-in-law, Kirchbach, and Von Zanthier, and the whole lot of them. Now comes the relieving of the fore-posts—a ticklish duty, for the relief must be in full possession before the relieved dare to come out. As each company goes on to its post, it is met by a trusty non-commissioned officer of the departing outpost, who acts as its cicerone. Then the sergeant and the lieutenant go out and change the sentries, and, with a cheery 'Good-night,' off stamps the 'old guard.' Glad enough to go, beyond doubt.

The relieving duty over, we reach our home for the night out beyond the villas. Let me describe it. It is a long, low wooden hut, such as you may see squatters and gipsies occupying on the debatable ground between Peckham, Lewisham, and Nunhead Cemetery. Its loftiest part is about 6 ft. high, the roof sloping till, at the back, the height is about 4 ft. The erection is wholly of wood—chiefly, as it appears, of château doors. There is one window in the place; it is sashed, and tastefully curtained. There is a wooden floor. One—the lower roofed-side of the room—is lined with spring mattresses, that have evidently also come out of the châteaux. On the walls are pictures—ay, and mirrors—to be ascribed to the same origin; and between the window and the

beds is a range of good massive mahogany tables, that were not made by the pioneers. The chairs are a study. They are here of all styles. The fauteuil, the ottoman, the American rocking-chairs, the high straight-backed Elizabethan, the Louis Quatorze settee, and the humble wicker-bottom. There is a pleasant fire burning in the little stove, and you cannot well imagine how cheerful, with the bright lamp burning and the sparkle of the fire, the little nest looked—if you could only forget that the French were not 1000 yards off, and that you were in so ludicrously easy range of their guns.

"But we did forget these facts, somehow. The quarters were those of a *hauptmann*, he in whose charge was the uttermost forepost. But, by common consent, the officers from the other positions further back—the *repli*, where the Major has his post—and the Captains from the right and left rear, came dropping in to eat their Christmas dinner with the English guest and comrade. The kitchen was part of the hut partitioned off, and we had the battalion cook there—a resplendent being in a white cap and apron. Before dinner he entered in state and lit the candles on the Christmas-tree, a goodly sprout, from every bough of which dangled cakes and confections. The cloth—we had a cloth, never mind about its colour—was laid, the plates and wine were warmed, and we drew around the social board. I am in a position to present you with the Christmas menu of the second battalion of the 103rd Regiment on the foreposts:—Soup—Liebig's extract. Fish—Sardines, caviare. Entrées—Goose sausage, ham sausage, a variety of undistinguishable sausage. *Pièces de résistance*—Boiled beef and macaroni, roast mutton and potato-salad. Diver-tissement—*Schinken*, compot of pears, ditto of apples, preserved sour-kraut. Cheese, fresh butter, fruit, nuts, biscuits, tarts, &c. The potables were as follows:—One barrel of Frau Majorin's beer still to the good, the other a 'dead marine,' very good red wine; champagne, iced—a little too much in fact. The caterer had stuck the bottles outside on his first arrival, and it seemed as if the wine had frozen into a solid mass. When it came to be poured out it would not run. A proposition was made that the bottles should be broken, a hatchet fetched, and a portion of champagne ice to be served out to each person; but an officer of an inquiring turn of mind, who had been pricking the ice on the surface of one bottle with a skewer, found that it was only about half an inch thick, and that below there lay a limpid pint of liquid champagne. We pricked all the bottles with the skewer, and got on beautifully.

"After dinner there were but two toasts: one was 'The King of Saxony,' the other, 'Frau Majorin von Schönberg.' Both were drunk with enthusiasm; the latter—in her beer—with positive effusion. Then we got to song-singing. A young officer came to the front in this line—the young Baron von Zehman. Instrumental accompaniments were forbidden on account of the proximity of the enemy, but the choruses were loud enough to raise the dead, let alone the Frenchmen. I seem to have a hazy notion that somebody tried 'Bonnie Dundee,' and failed ignominiously.

"About ten o'clock a deserter was brought in—a decidedly unfavourable specimen of the French Line. He was very dirty, and he had no buttons anywhere—rather a common want I have noticed with French soldiers. He said he was hungry and thirsty. The Major gave him something to eat and the run of a bottle of brandy while we listened to the rascal's lies. When he had finished his rigmole, which consisted of all sorts of canards, it was too late discovered that he was as drunk as David's sow. He insisted on singing the 'Marseillaise,' and when that was done roared, 'A bas les Prussiens!' What was to be done with the wretch? If he were turned out of doors he would go to sleep in the ditch, and freeze so hard before morning that you could chip pieces off him. Ultimately he was relegated to the stable by the *repli*, where stood the battalion horses, and was borne away shoulder high, roaring, 'Vive la République!'

"Continually there was a circulation of officers as we sat by the board in the wooden house. The Major and myself were the only sedentaries. Duty called, and men obeyed it. About midnight Von Zanthier rose and buckled on his sword. He was going round with the patrol; would I go with him? Certainly. There were the officer, three men, and myself. Out we went into the brush-wood beyond any of our posts. There were the French outposts—not 500 yards off. We could see the fires lit by the sentries. Could a neutral go across and have a chat with them? Well, not exactly; there were two or three obstacles. Here is a noise in the brushwood; somebody is coming down the path; there are three men. A voice says, 'Venez, Messieurs!' It is a French patrol, and the officer thinks our patrol is French too. Von Zanthier and his men accept the invitation. I stand fast. Presently he comes back with three prisoners—a mobile officer and two men. The officer is a thorough gentleman. On our way back to the Feldwach he has an immense deal to say, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. When we get back we find that that wonderful man in the white cap has made egg-flip for us. The mobile officer joins us heartily in a canker, and does not need to be pressed to take a little supper. He is a jewel of a man. He tells me he once had a moor in Scotland. He laughs at the notion of Paris capitulating. The mobiles alone are capable of adventuring that fate. They certainly are not very brilliant specimens, the two he has with him, but then, as he says, they were selected promiscuously. More egg-flip, and then the spring mattresses."

Our other illustration of camp-life may also be taken as having a sort of prophetic bearing on Christmas; or, perhaps, it is only an incident of common occurrence before the frost set in: our Artist has forgotten to date his sketch. But, supposing the scene depicted to have had any connection with providing good cheer for Christmas, it implies another example of the exercise of the faculty—forethought—that has stood the Germans in such good stead throughout the campaign; for it is clear that those potato-diggers, if they had an eye to the "festive season," must have laid in their stores a considerable time beforehand. No potatoes could possibly have been gathered that were fit to eat for some time before Christmas. But, then, the Germans are far-seeing fellows; so our conjecture that some of those tubers might figure on the camp Christmas dinner-tables is not so very extravagant after all. Certain it is, however, that, if all accounts be true, enormous quantities of potatoes have been gathered round Paris by both besieged and besiegers; from which we may infer that the neighbourhood of the French capital must be a veritable Ireland for potato-growing.

HARD LABOUR FOR THOSE WHO "HAVE NO WORK TO DO."—At the Marylebone Police Court, on Tuesday, Thomas Halsegrove, sen., Thomas Halsegrove, jun., and Thomas Sellwin, described as "three stout, hearty-looking fellows, were charged with begging in Albany-street, Regent's Park. The defendants were walking in the middle of the road, singing, 'We've got no work to do! We're all frozen out!' and received money from several persons. They were followed, and seen to go into a public-house and have some beer. They were then taken into custody, and, when searched, more than 10s. was found on the three. The defendants said they had no work, and they thought it was no harm to sing in the streets. Mr. D'Eyncourt said if they were in distress they ought to go to the workhouse. He sentenced them to ten days' hard labour. The money found on them will be given up to them when they come out of prison.

BIRKBECK LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.—The 188th quarterly report of this (the parent) institution was recently presented to the members. Great success is attending its operations—between 1800 and 1900 persons are availing themselves of its advantages. Every effort has been made to render the class-list as complete as possible, and new subjects are being continually added. The fact that seventy classes meet weekly in the institution will give some idea of the extent of its work. The lectures have attracted crowded audiences, and every department is in a highly satisfactory condition. Special reference is made to the distribution of prizes recently held. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., who presided, was supported by the Earl of Lichfield, the Lord Mayor, and several other noblemen, members of Parliament, and learned professors. The theatre was densely crowded on the occasion, and several hundreds were unable to gain admission. Amongst the lectures announced we perceive a course on Grecian, Roman, and Christian Art, by Dr. G. G. Zerril. These will be illustrated by a large number of diagrams, photographs, &c.

MUSIC.

THE last Christmas performance of Handel's "Messiah" was given, in Exeter Hall, yesterday week, by the Sacred Harmonic Society. That there was a crowded attendance need not be said; for when did the masterpiece of oratorio ever fail to draw an admiring public? At Christmas-time, above all, it becomes a thing of power; and to many the great Festival without a "Messiah" concert would be shorn of its most distinctive rite. The soloists at Exeter Hall were Madame Sinico (who makes progress in her new branch of art, but will never take a very high place), Madame Viardot, Mr. Ker Gedge, and Mr. Santley. Madame Viardot will do well to let her second appearance be her last; because, when an English audience gives unmistakable signs of disapproval in the case of a once-famous singer, and an air like "He was despised," the singer must be very far gone indeed. Mr. Ker Gedge proved an efficient substitute for Mr. Vernon Rigby, who was absent through illness; and Mr. Santley, despite an obvious indisposition, sang in excellent style from first to last. The chorus was, as usual, vigorous; and the band, also as usual, powerful. At the society's next concert "Elijah" will be given, for the first time this season.

The Lyceum Theatre is now the home of Italian opera-buffa, under the management of a limited liability company; and the first question we shall be expected to answer with regard to the enterprise has to do with its chances of success. That there are such chances few will dispute, seeing how popular Italian opera is becoming among the middle classes, who give so generous a support to Mr. Mapleson's autumnal season. But whether the Lyceum directors are, or are not, in the way to success can hardly be predicated with any certainty. As yet, they have not developed all their resources, and judgment would be premature. It is plain, however, that certain advantages are in their hands—such as the materials for a good orchestra, a capital chorus, and, at all events, some efficient artists. These things only need supplementing and carefully directing, for which operations we must wait. Two works have been brought out since the opening night, on Monday last—choice falling upon Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" and Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," both excellent operas, which needed no recommendation to the favour of an English audience. Among the artists who appeared in the former were Madame Veralli, a mezzo-soprano of real power, who would be an acquisition to any stage; Signor Rocca, a baritone with a good voice and vocal capability; and Signor Borella, a capital buffo of the recognised Italian order. These three are sources of strength to the new company beyond a doubt; but we cannot say as much either of the tenor, Signor Fabbri, or of the soprano, Mlle. Brusa, the former having a most disagreeable voice, and the latter making no impression at all, one way or the other. At the performance of "L'Elisir d'Amore," on Tuesday, a young American lady, Mlle. Calista, made her debut, with a satisfactory result. She has a light, agreeable soprano voice, a style more refined than we should have expected from her years, and evident familiarity with stage business. That Mlle. Calista's impersonation of the village coquette, Adina, was one of interest and promise, the frequent applause of her audience testified. We must also speak approvingly of Signor Torelli, another baritone, who sang the music of Belcore capitally and acted with rare judgment. This artist will not be lost sight of, however soon the buffo, Signor Ristori, may disappear from view. The latter gentleman has left his best days behind him, and his intentions are now better than his execution. On the whole, there are reasons for hope with regard to the new scheme; their strength will more fully appear in another week.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's ballad concerts took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, and attracted a large audience of those who love an English song. Among the artists engaged were Miss Edith Wynne, Mlle. Drasid, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley; Madame Arabella Goddard being the solo pianist. We cannot go in detail through a long performance, and must be content to state that both new songs and old were capably sung, encores were frequent, and applause hearty. Mr. Santley had to repeat all his songs; Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings carrying off second and third honours. Madame Goddard was received with enthusiasm, and was called upon to play both her solos twice.

NEW FIELD GUN.

GREAT interest is excited in military circles by the prospect of a new field-gun of unwonted power being introduced into the British Army. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the close of the year 1870 witnessed the completion of two new and experimental pieces of artillery, one designed for the Army and the other for the Navy, each gun intended as an advance on the magnitude and power of previous weapons. The difference of bulk is doubtless great, when we compare the new field-gun with the ponderous 700-pounder which crushed the Arsenal railway out of gauge and slipped down quietly between the rails. But the lighter weapon is nevertheless quite as great an advance on its predecessors as the naval gun of 35 tons, although the difficulties of manufacture must be much more considerable in the latter case than in the former. The "big gun" now awaits proof. The field-gun has been proved, and now awaits trial at Shoeburyness, where it will be tested for range, velocity, accuracy, and other elements of efficiency. Happily, we have no reason to distrust the metal. Steel and iron have been tried up to the capacity of a 600-pounder, and have answered well. When this new field-gun was taken in hand it was designed for a competitive trial with a bronze gun, with which it was to correspond in weight, length, bore, rifling, weight of projectile, and charge of powder. In announcing this projected artillery duel some two months ago we expressed our objection to it, it being impossible that bronze should produce results equal to those which might be obtained from a gun of steel and iron, constructed on the Fraser principle. Since then the bronze project has happily been allowed to drop through, owing to the failure of the famous Indian 9-pounder. The advent of rifled artillery is fatal to bronze. The strain, the friction, and the fire are all too much for the softer metal. Bronze will bulge, it will melt, its interior will become honeycombed by the searching action of the fiery gases; and although it may do well for a brief period, it cannot hold out in the race. This metal has deceived us before, and led to the belief that rifled muzzle-loaders could not be made equal in range and precision to rifled breech-loaders.

The field-gun which is now coming to the front is a handsome-looking weapon, having a nominal length of 74 in., or 78 in. over all. It is rifled with three grooves, having a twist equal to one complete turn in thirty calibres, the diameter of the bore being 3.6 in. The charge of powder will be 3 lb., and the weight of the projectile 16 lb., the gun weighing 12 cwt. It is constructed on the Fraser principle, consisting of a steel tube, reinforced for about half its length in the rear portion with a jacket of coiled wrought iron. Although a slight extension of the jacket might be desirable, there is no doubt as to the strength of the gun. This mode of construction, with the metal employed, seems to give all that can be required for the purpose of field artillery. Yet there appears to be a desire in some quarters to go hunting after bronze; and we believe a committee has recently been formed to consider this matter still further, in the expectation of discovering some alloy which we suppose is to be harder than steel, and tougher than wrought iron. When found, it will doubtless be useful; but in the mean time we must make no more bronze guns. Those that have been made are to be used. This month there will commence an issue to the Horse Artillery of muzzle-loading 9-pounders, both in steel and bronze, the latter to be replaced with the stronger metal according as the supply is forthcoming. Any gun is better than none, but certainly some are better than others.—*Standard*.

AT A MEETING of the Liberal electors of Newry, held on Wednesday, it was decided not to offer any opposition to Lord Newry's return.

OBITUARY.

LORD WALSHINGHAM.—Lord Walsingham died rather suddenly at his seat, Merton Hall, Norfolk, last Saturday. The noble Lord, who was in his sixty-sixth year at the period of his decease, had been in apparently good health on Friday. He succeeded to the title in 1839. He was educated at Eton, and St. John's College, Cambridge; and in early life he was called to the Bar. His Lordship married, in 1842, Augusta Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Falkland Russell. By this lady, who died in 1841, he had one son, the present Lord. The deceased nobleman married again, in 1847, the Hon. Emily Elizabeth Julia Thellusson, eldest daughter of the second Baron Rendlesham, by whom he has left seven other children, the youngest only nine years old. His Lordship was patron of three livings—viz., Merton and Sturston, Norfolk, and Copstock, Suffolk. The deceased nobleman is succeeded in his title and landed estates by the Hon. T. De Grey, M.P. for West Norfolk, and a vacancy has consequently been created in the representation of that constituency.

LORD DE BLAQUIERE.—Lord de Blaquiere died, on Monday, at his residence in Stratford-place. The late John de Blaquiere, Baron de Blaquiere, of Ardkill, in the county of Londonderry, in the Peerage of Ireland, was the eldest son of William, third Lord, and was born in 1812. He was twice married, but leaves no issue. He was for several years in the Army, but retired in 1854. He succeeded to the peerage in 1851. The deceased Lord is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. W. B. de Blaquiere, a retired commander in the Royal Navy.

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD F. PAULET, C.B.—Major-General Lord Frederick Paulet, C.B., brother of the Marquis of Winchester, died, on Sunday last, at his residence in the Albany. He was born in 1810, and was unmarried. He entered the Army in the Coldstream Guards in 1826, and served in the Crimea, having been present at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, and during the siege of Sebastopol. He was made a Companion of the Bath in 1857, and appointed Controller of the Household and Equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge in 1867.

SIR HENRY DURAND.—By the death of Sir Henry Durand India has lost one of her ablest men. Sir Henry was educated at Addiscombe, and was formerly a Major-General in the Bengal Engineers. He fought in the Afghanistan, Gwalior, Punjab, and mutiny campaigns. He was subsequently appointed Secretary of the Foreign Department to the Government of India, and afterwards fifth ordinary member of the Council of the Governor-General. For his distinguished services in the field and in council he was made first a C.B., and then a K.C.S.I. Last year, when Sir Donald Macleod retired on completing his term of office, Sir Henry was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Being a man of great energy, he resolved to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the vast province he had been called upon to rule, and about six weeks ago he commenced a very extended tour, beginning at the most northern point of our Indian Empire, Peshawar, and intending to march down the frontier to Kurrachee. He was accompanied by Mr. Thurton, Secretary to the Government, and by the leading officials. Letters received in England by the last mail spoke of the satisfactory nature of the expedition so far. His sudden death, by a fall from an elephant, on New-Year's Day, will be greatly regretted in both India and this country. It will necessarily put an end to the expedition, from which important political results might have followed. Sir Henry was born in 1812, and married, for the second time, the widow of Mr. Polehampton, the well-known chaplain at Lucknow during the mutiny. By the death of Sir Henry Durand the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab becomes vacant almost simultaneously with those of Bengal and Madras. The former has fallen vacant through the resignation, after a very brief tenure, of Sir Wm. Grey, who is understood to have not been in perfect accord with the Viceroy, Lord Mayo. Madras becomes vacant in a few weeks, when Lord Napier's five years' term of office expires. Mr. George Campbell has been appointed to Bengal. No successor to Lord Napier has yet been announced.

PECURUS VAN SCHENDEL, THE PAINTER.—The death is announced of an eminent artist of the Dutch school of painting, Pecurus van Schendel, which occurred in Brussels, on Thursday, the 29th ult. As a painter of great skill in the rendering of the varied effects of artificial light he was widely known and highly appreciated in all art-circles, English as well as Continental. Many of his pictures have been exhibited in London and in the provinces, and have attracted much attention. M. van Schendel was born at Terheyden, a village near Breda, in North Brabant, April 21, 1806, and studied at the academy at Antwerp, then under the direction of Van Bree.

THE IRISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—On Sunday, in almost every Episcopal Church in Dublin reference was made from the pulpit to the altered circumstances of the Irish Protestant Church, the Act disestablishing it having now come into force. It was generally made matter of congratulation that during the year 1870 so much had been done, with tolerable success, to reconstruct it on a new basis. There was very little political matter in the sermons, and collections were made everywhere in aid of a Sustentation Fund. Mr. Donnelly, Registrar-General for Ireland, has issued a circular to the clergy of the disestablished Church, directing them to erase from the marriage registers the words "Church of Ireland," and to substitute the words "Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland." Many of them have returned for answer a flat and not over-polite refusal to comply with this order, which, they maintain, asks them to falsify the title accorded to the Church even by the Act of Parliament by which it was disestablished. Mr. Maguire, M.P., having addressed a letter to Mr. Fortescue, as Irish Secretary, claiming a portion of the "Church surplus" for hospitals in Cork, Mr. Fortescue has replied that no such surplus as yet exists. The Commissioners of Church Temporalities have been obliged to avail themselves of the borrowing powers they possess to provide a fund to carry out commutation in the case of nonconforming (Presbyterian) ministers, and in the event of the Irish Episcopal clergy agreeing this year to commute they will have to provide for the interest of a still larger loan, with the gradual repayment of the principal. Applicants are therefore warned off for an indefinite period.

INVADERS OF FRANCE IN 1415 AND IN 1870.—The present operations of the Germans in the northern districts of France cover pretty much the same ground which was covered by the operations of the English about four centuries and a half ago. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "History of the Battle of Agincourt," has given a detailed account, derived from contemporary records, of the expeditions into French territory conducted under Henry V. and the Earl of Shrewsbury in 1415. Among other things, he has preserved the "General Orders" both of Henry and of Shrewsbury. It appears that the English army was attended by a regular commissariat. It was provided with its own beef and beer, and it exacted nothing in the way of contributions from the inhabitants, except bread and wine. The commanders, "on paine of smytynge of the head," prohibit all outrage on women, wanton destruction of property, and unnecessary bloodshed. It is, for example, ordered:—"That no man be so hardy to take from no man going to the plough, harrow, or cart, horse, mare, nor oxe, nor other beste longinge to labour within the King's obeysaunce without loosing and beddinge and grede the partye upon payne of death, and that no man geve none impediment to no man of labour. That no man forste in the country appatised, but it be haye, otes, rye, and other necessary vittalles, nor that no man geve unto his horse no wheate nor to gader none, but if it be only to make brede of, and if the said forste take any bestialle for their sustenance that they take reasonably and to make no waste, nor for to devour nor destroye no vittalles, and also that the said forste take nor steele nor great oxe, nor no mylke keene, but small bestialle, and that they accord with the partie upon the payne aforesaid. That no maner of man bete downe housing to barne, nor no aple tres, pere tres, nor tres, ne no other tres bering fruite, nor that no man put no best into vynes, nor drawe up the stakes of same vynes. That no maner of man be so hardy to goe into no chamber or lodging where that any woman lieth in gesem (child birth) her to robbe ne pille of no goods the whiche longeth to her refressing, ne for to make no affray wher through she and her childe might be in any disease or depere, upon payne that he that in such wise offendeth shall losse all his goods, half unto him that accuseth him and half unto the constabill and marshall, and himself to be dede but if the King geve him his grace." We commend these, and the other general orders in Sir Harris Nicolas's collection, to the perusal and emulation of the pious, tearful, and victorious King or Kaiser at Versailles.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LIVERPOOL STEAMER LEEMING has been totally lost on the coast of Portugal, whilst on a voyage to Gibraltar. All on board perished, except an engineer named Robertson.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

QUITE a run of railway accidents have occurred during the last few days, in every instance from the same cause—the warfare of goods against passengers. Last Saturday morning, on the Ferry-hill, Stockton, and West Hartlepool Railway, a fast goods-train which left Ferryhill between six and seven o'clock for Stockton, when approaching Stillington, a small station near to Sedgfield, overtook and ran into a mineral-train by which it had been preceded. The guard of the second train, who was riding in the rear van of the train, perceiving the fast goods-train just before the crash occurred, leaped out unhurt. His van was much broken, and several waggons were thrown over on to the other line of rails, and the line was blocked for two or three hours. The weather was very foggy when the accident occurred. In the evening a collision occurred on the Midland line at Barrow-on-Soir station, near Loughborough, between a Manchester and London express-train and a goods-train. A coal-train had been shunted into a siding to allow a down-train to pass, and, the train having passed, the coal-waggons came out of the siding, the signals being put right for their doing so, and unfavourable to the approach of the express-train, which was then due. The driver of the express was unable, it is thought, from the dense fog that prevailed at the time, to perceive the signal, and he dashed through the goods-train at a speed of forty miles an hour, splitting the waggons into fragments, and causing them to fly about in every direction. None of the passengers in the express received any serious injury; and beyond the grazing of the carriages and the engine being slightly damaged, no other injury was sustained by the train. Last Saturday night also, a serious accident occurred on the London and North-Western Railway, near Manchester. The express-train leaving Stockport for Manchester at 9.40, after proceeding for about a quarter of an hour on its journey, ran into a goods-engine which was standing on the line between Levenshulme and Longsight, in consequence of shunting operations. The morning was foggy, and the driver of the express did not see the obstruction till he was close upon it. The collision was very severe, and both engines are very much smashed. The drivers on both engines and the stoker of the goods-engine were hurt, and a number of passengers who were going to Manchester to attend the Exchange were shaken, but no lives have been lost. On the same night two railway accidents occurred at Dewsbury, the first near the London and North-Western Railway station, and the second at the junction of the London and North-Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, about a mile from the town. The one near the station occurred about half-past six o'clock, and was caused by a Leeds and Huddersfield passenger-train running into a goods-train. The passengers were a good deal shaken and knocked about, but none are reported as more than slightly injured. Some of the goods-waggons were knocked off the line, and about two hours elapsed before traffic could be resumed. The second accident occurred about midnight, and resulted in a great destruction of rolling-stock and injury to the permanent way. The weather for several hours had been extremely bad, and a heavy fog prevailed. A goods-train was passing from the London and North-Western line over the junction at Thornhill, Dewsbury, when a Lancashire and Yorkshire goods-train came up from the direction of Wakefield, running into it about midway. The drivers, stokers, and guards were happily not injured; but one engine was thrown off the metals, the permanent way torn up, and a number of the waggons smashed. It was nearly noon on Sunday before traffic could be resumed, so great was the damage done.

On Tuesday morning a passenger-train on the North London Railway, when between the Camden-road and Barnsbury stations, came into collision with a number of coal-trucks. The passengers were much shaken, and the guard received some very serious injuries. There were two other collisions on the same line in the course of the day. Another fatal accident occurred on Wednesday evening on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, near Barnsley. Henry Addey, station-master at Doverliffe station, when in the act of opening a gate which shuts off the passenger-traffic from Holyhead-Nether, was struck by the engine of a coal-train, and so severely injured that he died an hour afterwards. It is stated the signals were off. The deceased had opened one gate and was trying to open the other, when the engine came upon him. The deceased had been in the service of the company over twenty years, and had been station-master at Doverliffe about seventeen years. He was sixty years of age, and leaves a widow and several children. On Wednesday a goods guard, named Hornigold, was killed on the Great Eastern Railway, near the Victoria station, Norwich. The train to which the deceased was guard was scarcely moving, when he was thrown in some unexplained manner against a bridge. He was struck on the head, and died almost immediately. He leaves a large family.

A SHIP ON FIRE.—On Thursday morning a fire broke out on board an Italian vessel, named Cincetti Zurlo, lying at North Shields. The flames, after great exertion, were subdued, when six men were found in the fore-castle; three of them, the mate and two Dutch seamen, quite dead, and three others insensible.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30.
BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. T. THOMAS, Bognor, Sussex, bankrupt.
BANKRUPTCY.—S. EYECCH and D. NAVONE, jun., Great Winchester-street-buildings, City merchants.—W. T. ADcock, Worcester, stock-keeper.—C. BORRILL, Grantham, tailor.—R. C. BURGE, Bristol, hotel-keeper.—J. GREENWOOD, Bradford, coach-builder.—J. HARVEY, jun., Bristol, builder.
SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—B. MORRISON, Leith, grocer.—G. BAIN, Lybster, Caithness-shire, fish-curer.—J. BLACK, Dunbarton, mason.

TUESDAY, JAN. 3.
BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. S. EDDLE, Huddersfield, hosier.—H. WILLIAMS, Tipton, fire-brick manufacturer.
BANKRUPTCY.—I. L. STOTT, jun., Milton-street, City, Manchester warehouseman.—C. WILSON, Francis-street, Gover-street, manager to a bit and ear maker.—O. BARKER, Tottenham, colliery-manager.—W. P. KEAST, Fiskehead, auctioneer.—R. THORPE, Levenshulme, grocer.—A. E. B. WAKE, Welton, cattle-dealer and butcher.
SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.—M. SINCLAIR and R. LAMBERT, Edinburgh, builders.—J. B. ANDERSON, Dundee, merchant.—W. PURVES, Dunbar, draper.

MARAVILLA COCOA. The Perfection of PREPARED COCOA. Sole Proprietors, TAYLOR BROTHERS, London.

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MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST. The "Globe" says:—"TAYLOR BROTHERS' MARAVILLA COCOA has achieved a thorough success, and surpasses every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For Homeopaths and Invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage." Sold, in Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers.

COLLIER CHOCOLATE POWDER and SON'S. Strengthens the invalid and invigorates the healthy. Sold by all Grocers, 1s. per lb. "Try it."

DIGESTIVE PANCREATIC COCOA. Specially prepared for sufferers from INDIGESTION, DEBILITY, and PULMONARY COMPLAINTS. It is highly nutritious, easily digested, and palatable, and adapted for the most delicate stomach. Sold in Tins, from 1s. 6d., by all Chemists and Italian Warehousemen; and by the Manufacturers, SAVORY and MOORE, 113, New Bond-street, London, W.

BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA. The "Civil Service Gazette" remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicious and nourishing beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA. The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Tin-lined packets, labelled JAMES EPPS and CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London. J. E. and Co. are also the preparers of Epps's Glycyrrhine Julebs for Coughs, Throat Soreness, Dryness, Tickling, Irritation.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—This celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very cream of Irish whiskies, in quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky." New Wholesale Depot: 6A, Great Titchfield-street, Oxford-street, W.

GLENFIELD STARCH. When you ask for STARCH, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits.

A NEW WAX CANDLE, 6d. per lb., for Kitchen use, to burn without smoking. A New Sperm Candle, for Parlour use, 9d. per lb., all sizes, a splendid transparent candle. Carriage paid (cases free) to all railway stations in London, for cash.—GILBERT'S OIL STORES, 93 and 64, Tottenham-court-rd. (near the Chapel); and 102, New Bond-st., W.

INFANT LIFE. There is no doubt that the Registrar-General's Reports and Statistics relating to mortality among infants would show a very marked improvement for the better if one of the simplest domestic aids to the nursery, in the shape of MRS. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP, were used more generally. It is perfectly free from any narcotic, and no child refuses its application to the gums. None genuine without the name of "BARCLAY AND SONS, 35, Farringdon-street," is on the stamp. Sold by all Chemists, at 2s. 9d. a bottle.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. NO UNCERTAINTY. These admirable pills act advantageously on the system, remove all obstructions to regularity of functions, improve the digestion, and rouse the liver, kidneys, and minor organs to healthy action. In all illnesses Holloway's Pills prove serviceable.

BILE and INDIGESTION, WIND, Headache, Sickhead, Loss of Appetite, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, and Debility, entirely Cured, without Mercury, by DR. KING'S DANDELION AND QUININE LIVER PILLS. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 10d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. a Box.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE. Have it in your house, for it is the only safe antiseptic in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious sickness, and Headache. Sold by all Chemists, and the only Maker, H. Lamplough, Chemist, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

INHERITED WEAKNESS and DEBILITY.—This subject is properly treated in HYPO-GASTRIA, a new work by Mr. HARRY LOBB, M.R.C.S.E., &c., Surgeon Electrician. Post-free, 3s. 6d. Contents—Weakness, Stammering, Spinal Debility and Irritation, Loss of Tone, Nervous Exhaustion, &c.—To be obtained at 31, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.

BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILLS OF HEALTH. Obtained through any Chemist or Medicine-Vender.

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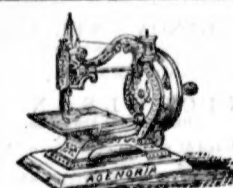
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